COMPLEMENTUM
FORTUNATARUM INSULARUM, P. II.
SIVE
GALATHEA VATICINANS.

Being part of
AN EPITHALAMIUM upon the Auſpicious Match
OF
THE MOST PUISSANT and MOST SERENE
CHARLES II.
AND
THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
CATHARINA
INFANTA of *PORTUGAL.*
WITH
A Deſcription of the *FORTUNATE ISLANDS.*

Written originally in *French* by *P. D. G.* Gent.
AND
Since Tranſlated by him in *Latin* and *Engliſh.*

With the Tranſlations alſo of
The Deſcription of S. *James*'s *Park*,
and the *late Fight* at S. *Lucar*,
By Mr. *ED. WALLER.*
The PANEGYRICK of *CHARLES* II.
By Mr. *DREYDEN.*
And other Peeces relating to the preſent Times.

London, Printed by *W. G.* *M. DC. LXII.*

Sidera divisi sunt h
Quæ FORTUNATAS re

The Second CHARLES Heire to y Royall Martyr

UN Astre de ce Prince annonça la Naissance,
L'Eschole des Cesars sa jeunesse éleva;
Et dans mille dangers son courage éprouva:
Quel sort donc ... res bravera sa Puissance?

toto Orbe Britanni,
reant jàm Lumine TERRAS.

Dona Catharina Infanta of Portugal.

E Ciel à ma Maison rendant une Couronne,
Et r'asseurant les droits de mon illustre sang,
ust peu fait pour l'éclat je tiens de mon rang,
ns celuy qu'à present le Sceptre Anglois me donne.

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To the Right Honorable

JAMES BOTELER,

EARL OF

OSSERY

AND VISCOUNT THORLE, &c.

MY LORD,

HAD not this conjuncture of time put confidence in me, I durst never have ventur'd either the publishing of these unpolish't rimes, or prefixing your Honourable name to the front of them.

For, having ever held Poëtry *(however a darling, I muſt confeſs, of my inclination) to be* but an excuſable trifling of precious time, *meaſur'd to mankind by the Inch or narrowneſs of a Span, though his thoughts and active part graſp the whole ſeries of Ages and flie at Eternity, and his task ſeems to be the reading here below of that great book of Nature, whereof near ſix thouſand years expir'd have taught to the moſt reaching Genius'es but the A B. C. of it, with no other ſucceſs then to multiply contentions and debates: having, I ſay, put no other eſteeme upon the Art of making verſes, (although it has had its admirers and followers in all ages) then of a lawful and harmleſs diverſion, and unbending of the mind when it has ſpent and exhauſted itſelf upon ſeverer ſtudies, and more ſerious imployments; I could not have avoided by preſenting theſe to your patronage, and inviting you to ſtoop to the light entertainment of Poetry, the juſt cenſure and imputation of undervaluing your ſerious leaſure, more uſefully imployed in thoſe publick thoughts wherein your High relations at Court, and your Noble zeal of ſerving your Prince and Country, in that* Great Senate which coynes the Laws of this Nation, *do at preſent ingage you. But that, beſides the love and eſteem I have obſerv'd (having*

the

the honour to be ſometimes in your Lordſhips company) you have for the Muſes, and your capacity of judging right of the delicacies of the French *verſe, which every ear and palate are not capable of; the Parliaments receſs, and your Lordſhips journey for* Ireland *being now at hand, do furniſh me with an unqueſtionable plea for the publiſhing and addreſs to your Lordſhip of this Poetical* Rapſody and Eſſay in ſeveral languages, *whereof your Lordſhip is equally a competent judge. To make this good, I need not borrow records of antiquity, nor quote* Ennius, *always taken by that* incomparable Roman Scipio *for a companion in all his journeys; or* Homer's *Poems cheriſhed and read by* Alexander *in all his expeditions;* Virgil *and* Horace *entertained by* Auguſtus *and* Mecænas; *as the lawfulleſt diverſion they could pitch upon, when they would unbind and give a refreſhment to their vaſt and undefatigable Minds, on which did turn the hinges and relyed the weight of moſt part of the then habitable World.*

This is well known to your Lordſhip; as alſo how much on the ſame account Ronſard *was eſteemed by* Charles *the ninth of* France; *and this, My Lord, gives me the confidence, that (though nothing you can read here, bears proportion with the*

the excellent productions of those Primitive Heros of the Art,) *yet some thing may have the good luck to please and to divert your Lordship, were it but the matter this Rapsody affords, and those* Ideas *it may raise in your mind* of the best of Princes, *restoring the hopes of these Nations (wherein you have so large a share) to the greatest happiness they ever could enjoy. I might have had good opportunity to relate here amongst one of the great causes of it, those faithful and unwearied endeavors, and great services of your Honourable Family, which are sufficient pledges and securities themselves of perpetuating the Illustrious* Name of *ORMOND to future ages, to make it* as lasting as *the BRITISH MONARCHY,* and equal in duration to the Sun and Moon.

But that being to vast a Sea too engage in with a slender skull, and too waighty a subiect to venture upon unpreparedly, I have not dared to presume, My Lord, to touch it with a slight hand, or crowde any part of it in a preliminary Epistle a custome to much countenanc'd by most of our Modern Writers. The height of my ambition, and utmost scope of my desseine at present, My Lord, is onely (since I have no other means left to provide for my attendance upon your Lordship, and the Heads

of

of your Honourable Family in this your journey) that you will be pleas'd to accept of me in this ſlender garbe, *being every way otherwiſe diſappointed by the frowns of Fortune, and ſo unfit to pretend admittance in ſo ſplendid a train, unleſs it be*

Nella ſcorta di Phebo, ch' à voi s'inchina,
Tutta ridente, tutta di ſcherzi piena.

But, My Lord, to borrow my own words written on another accaſion,

—— Si quelque jour, la Fortune
Met en plus grande liberté
Mon Genie perſecuté
Des rigueurs de cette importune;
Peut eſtre d'un burin plus ſeur,
Et d'un vers rempli de douceur,
D'ORMOND j'entreprendray l'image;
Et dans les beaux exploits de tous ſes Deſcēdās
La depeindray ſi bien, que la plus fiere rage
Reſpectera ſes traits juſqu'a la fin des temps.

This is the vow, this is the ſerious wiſh of him, My Lord, who deſires for no better end to be once again reſtored

restored to the state of his former Fortune, then to become thereby more ready and capable to wait hereafter on your Lordship otherwise then by his Pen, and to declare by some more real deed then Poëtical expressions, how unfainedly he is

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIPS

Most humble, most true, and most devoted Servant,

P. D. C.

HYMENÆI PRÆLUDIUM,

SIVE

GALATHEA VATICINANS.

BEING

A SONG of the SEA NYMPH *GALATEA*,

Upon the MARIAGE of

CHARLES II.

AND

The PRINCESSE INFANTA of *PORTUGALL.*

I. FAir Goddeſſes of the wide Main!
Whoſe nimble feet do never reſt,
Whoſe motion in a conſtant ſtrain
Sees the Sun break, & brings him to his Weſt:
Go, fair Nymphs, go; and to both Shores proclaim
This matchleſs Day, with the loud trump of Fame:
And thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praiſe.

II. *CHARLES*, from the Earth about to drive
That *Hydra*, which great States do'es rent,
All Princes of the world will strive
With his Stars henceforth ever to consent:
For him again *Astræa* quits the Skye,
Repairs her Altars, and to Earth draws nigh.
Then thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen*! this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praise.

III. Islands, which in the furthest Clime
Aurora guilds, when she do's rise,
Behold a Sun breaks in his prime,
Which with no lesser glory fills your eyes:
Prepare your gums and spices for this Day,
The *Mogul* leave, your vows to *CHARL'S* to pay:
And thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praise.

IV. You happy Darlings of the Morn!
Fair Lands! your gold and precious ſtone,
When they His head henceforth adorne,
A brighter glory to His beams ſhall owne;
Goa and Calecut His Croſs ſhall bear,
And the *Dutch Lions* claw no longer fear:
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praiſe.

V. *Zeilan* her Ivory ſhall ſend,
And thoſe ſweet Spices, which her ſtore
Can our Navies more freely lend,
Than all the Lands which do the Sun adore;
Ganges with Diamonds more ſwell'd ſhall ſpeed,
And Pearls for *CHARLES* alone *Comorry* breed.
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praiſe.

VI. Of *China* the distressed Prince
By You alone, Great *CHARLES*, redrest,
The World shall of this truth convince,
You are his, and should be *Lord* of the rest.
The Great Cham struck by th' *English* Lions paw,
Shall throw his quiver and receive your law:
Then thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praise.

VII. *Africa* of th' *Asiatick* soyl
Grown rival by Your Princely smiles,
Will strive to send You richer spoyl,
And sweeter Spices than the *Eastern* Isles;
Melinda shall and *Quiloa* both drain
Their Veins of gold, Your treasures to maintain
Then thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praise.

VIII.

VIII. From *Jappon* to *Mozambick's* ſhore,
And from thence to the *Weſtern* bond,
The Trident's Power disjoyn'd before
In *CHARLES* alone ſhall unite his command:
Olinda will in Him her Conqueſt crown,
And ſoon be head of her vaſt body grown.
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praiſe.

IX. You Nymphs! freſh roſes do not ſpare!
Make haſt your beds therewith to ſtrow;
Look how they bud! how lovely fair!
Under his tall Ships they on ſuddain blow!
Heav'ns influence is chang'd by KATHARIN's rays,
Cypris each where her bluſhing flow'r diſplays.
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
ſing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praiſe.

X. Then let's joyn Mirtle to the flame
Of this so chaste so lovely tree,
Mirtle do's the White colour claim,
Badge of her soul from all dark passions free:
Heav'ns influencies chang'd by KATHARIN's day,
These flow'rs henceforth will every where display.
Then thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praise.

XI. Behold! I spie the harmless Dove,
Through aery paths *Venus* to guide,
Charm'd with this Day's delight and love,
And on the banks of *Thames* smoothly to glide,
Love is her guide, and in her bill she holds
A branch of Mirtle, which the brise unfolds.
Then thou, whose Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this blest Day, sing;
And in all places raise
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praise.

XII. *Pallas* on that great River ſide
Strives now to ſhift her Martial dreſs;
Her temples are with Olive tyed
In ſtead of Bays, joy to expreſs;
Heavens influence is chang'd by this bleſt Day,
Concord and Peace their fruits will now diſplay.
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praiſe.

XIII. A Thouſand *Cupids* ſpread abroad
With palms in hand, o'recloud the ayre,
And diſplay on the Princes road
Their gameſom flock, ſtil young & void of care;
KATHARIN of all eyes wonder and delight,
Inlivens the Day, by which it ſhines ſo bright.
Then thou, whoſe Youth ne're quits her Spring,
Sing, Fair *Hymen!* this bleſt Day, ſing;
And in all places raiſe
To *KATHARIN* an Immortal praiſe.

XIV. I see, I see! this happy Isle
Longing her presence to enjoy!
At her owne Princes smiles to smile,
And second with her mirth his present joy;
Whilest He on shore full of impatience stays,
Reckons times flight and every moment weighs:
Then hast this day from which depends our Spring,
Hast, fair *Hymen*! this Day to bring,
And in all places raise
To Great *CHARLES* an Immortal praise.

Hast to fulfil the just desires
Of this Matchlesse and Princely Paire,
Too much delay our Patience tires,
And we all grieve at thy officious care:
Then keep no longer with tedious delay
This Pair, whose Love does every moment weigh;
Come Nymphs, let's hast, this Day to bring,
Let's *Hymen* call, let's *Hymen* sing,
And in all places raise
To this so Princely Pair an everlasting praise.

FINIS.

HYMENÆI PRÆLUDIUM,

SIVE

GALATHEA VATICINANS.

PRO

EPITHALAMIUO

CAROLI II.

Propediem in lucem proditurо

Sub Nomine

T A G I.

I. *POnti Nereïdes! mitia Numina!*
Motu quæ celeres littora ſedulo
Unaquaq́ die curva recurritis,
Quæ cingit liquido Nereus ambitu:
Currite, cæruleas Nymphæ! & narrate per oras,
Quanta hodiè Cantus ſit mihi materies.
Tuq́ ſolemnes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva Sacra celebrans Diei;
Et ſonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

II. *Jàm discors* CAROLI *Numine territa*
Erynnisq́ ululans orbe fugabitur;
Influxus Britici, Pace adamantinâ,
Posthac fata aliis Principibus dabunt.
Hoc Duce mox exul terras Astræa reviset,
Hoc aras recolet quæ jacuere diù.
Ergo solennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva sacra celebrans diei;
Et sonet per te CAROLINUM *utroq́*
Nomen in axe.

III. *O vos! quas alio cardine sub Poli*
Nascens irradiat Phosphorus, Insulæ!
Jam posthac CAROLI *Sole tepebitis,*
Influxusq́ dabit lux melior novos.
Pandite odoratas ergo Illi pandite sylvas,
Nec vobis ultrà dent sua jura Scythæ.
Tuq́ solennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva sacra celebrans diei;
Et sonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

IV. *Veſtrum nam Britico ſi Diademate*
Aurum aut gemma micet, lumine vivido
Fulgebit melius, majus & his decus
De Tami veniet culmine Verticis:
Nec Calecuthum *aut* Goa *hujus ſub Tegmine tutæ*
Jam metuent iras, ſæve Batave, *tuas.*
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

V. *Te ſubmiſſa colet dentibus* Indicis
Zeilon *antè alias, Maxime Principum,*
Diviniſq; ferax arbor odoribus,
Ramo grata dabit cinnama ſupplice:
Plure fluet ſolito Ganges *adamante, Tibiq;*
Sola Comorrinis *concha natabit aquis.*
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

VI. Sinensis *titubans Arbiter* Imperî,
Posthac auxilio tutus erit tuo;
Et cuncti Dominum, quo patet ambitu,
Orbis Te meritâ laude fatebitur;
Substratusq; Tuo Chamus, Rex Magne, *Leoni,*
Abjiciet tremulâ spicula sæva manu.
Ergo solennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva sacræ celebrans diei;
Et sonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

VII. *Jam secura Tui militis* Africa
Tutis præsidiis, æmula divitum
In sylvis Arabum *thura dabit Tibi,*
Sulciq; ambrosio nectare diffluent:
Auriferos pandent Quiloa Melindaq; *colles,*
Implebitq; rates vena beata Tuas.
Ergo solennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva sacrâ celebrans diei;
Et sonet per te CAROLINUM *utroq;*
Nomen in axe.

VIII.

VIII. *A* Jappone *ſinus uſque* Mozambicos
Et curvum Heſperiæ *littus* Atlantidis,
Agnoſcet CAROLUM *Nereus Arbitrum,*
Sceptri Tricipitis per vada cærula.
Nec vanas Olinda *fovet ſpes ſub duce tanto,*
*Dividat * adjuncto quin ſua jura ſolo.*
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CAROLI *triumphis*
Axis uterque.

* Americæ continenti.

IX. *Nymphæ! ne teneris parcite jam Roſis,*
Lymphas purpureis ſpargite floribus,
En! ut ſerta citis ſuavia puppibus
Subcreſcunt, liquidas per maris orbitas;
Jam terras CATHARINA *Beat melioribus Aſtris,*
Quilibet & Veneris flore niteſcet ager.
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CATHARINA *cunctis*
Orbis in oris.

X. *Jungamus rutilis illius ignibus*
Myrthum delicias Cypridis aureæ,
Myrthi flos Scythicâ candidior nive
Candorem Ingenii nobilis arguit;
Ridebit poſthac tellus his floribus omnis,
Namq; Polo influxus dat CATHARINA *novos.*
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CATHARINA *cunctis*
Orbis in oris.

XI. *En! cerno placidum Cypridis alitem,*
Quo curru trahitur per liquidum æthera,
Gaudentem populi plauſibus & Die,
Alæ remigio radere Thameſm:
Ille Diem celebrans, & habenâ ductus Amoris,
Ramum feſtivo Myrtheum in ore tenet.
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CATHARINÆ *utroque*
Nomen in Axe.

XII.

XII. *En! cerno Armigeram* Pallada, *caſſide*
Ornantem nitidâ belligerum caput,
Thorace & poſito ludicra proſequi,
Dum præfert Oleam Martis adoreæ.
Jam terras CATHARINA *beat melioribus Aſtris,*
Concors Pacis amor ſæcula noſtra reget.
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CATHARINÆ *utroque*
Nomen in Orbe.

XIII. *Ludunt palmigeri mille Cupidines,*
Spargentes roſeum ſerta per aera,
Effunduntq; jocos Cypridis in viâ,
Illiuſq; Roſas ſub pedibus ſerunt:
Sed CATHARINA *ipſos inter pulcherrima Nymphas,*
Præcipuum toto Sydus in Orbe micat.
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Adjuva ſacræ celebrans diei;
Et ſonet per te CATHARINÆ *utroque*
Nomen in Axe.

XIV.

XIV. *Jam paſcor* Britico *lumina* Littore,
Telluremq; Caput quà nitet Imperî
Jam cerno, officiis Principe cum ſuo
Certantem, meritis imparibus licet:
REX *numerans momenta ſuum ſolatur amorem;*
Et putat in minimâ tædia longa morâ.
Ergo ſolennes Hymenæe! ritus
Ocyùs ſacræ accelera diei;
Luceat per te Sacra Tæda, cunctis
Orbis in oris.

XV. *Indulgere moræ parce diutiùs;*
Feſtinare Diem, pulchra Cupidinum
Et feſtiva Parens, ocyùs impera,
Regi, quo propior, grata magis venit;
Ne momenta trahas Tædis illuſtribus obſtans,
Sunt quibus in minimâ tædia longa morâ.
Voſq; ſolennes celebrate Nymphæ,
Quam Diem votis Hymenæus ornat;
Et ſonet Famâ CAROLI *perenni,*
Axis uterque;
Et Tuas narret CATHARINA *Laudes,*
Axis uterque.

Sur le MARIAGE DE CHARLES II. ET DE CATHERINE Infante de *PORTUGAL.*

1. *BElles Divinités de l'Onde !*
Qui d'un mouvement diligent,
Tous les jours ſur nos flots d'argent
Viſités l'enceinte du Monde ;
Allés Nymphes, allés publier ſur vos bords,
Le ſuiet nompareil de mes divins accords.
Et Toy Hymen ! O Hymenée !
Chante à jamais cette iournée !
Et rends de CHARLES *en tous lieux,*
Le recit glorieux.

II. CHARLES *va bannir de la Terre*
La Diſcorde des Potentats,
Répandant deſſus leurs Etats
Les Iufluences d'Angleterre;
Aſtrée en ſa faveur vient revoir les mortels,
Et deſſous ſon appuy reparer ſes Autels.
Celebrons donc cette journée,
Chantans Hymen! O Hymenée!
Rendons de CHARLES *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

III. *Iſles! qu'en l'autre bout du Monde*
L'Aurore voit à ſon reveil,
Vous allés d'un nouveau Soleil
Sentir l'influence feconde:
Preparés vos parfums pour honorer ce jour
Et quittés le Mogul *pour Luy faire la Cour.*
Celebrons donc cette journée,
Et Toy Hymen! O Hymenée!
Rends du Grand CHARLES *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

IV.

IV. *Voſtre Or, vos Pierres precieuſes,*
Heureuſes terres du Levant!
Sur ſon Chef doreſenavant
Vont éclatter plus glorieuſes:
Calecut *&* Goa *ſoumiſes à ſa Loy,*
Du Belgique Lion *ne craindront plus l'effroy.*
Celebrés donc cette journée,
Chantans Hymen! O Hymenée!
Rendés de CHARLES *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

V. Zeilan *envoyera ſon Ivoire,*
Et ces precieux aromats,
Dont ſur tous les autres climats
Ses forêts remportent la gloire:
Plus gros de Diamans le Gange *roulera,*
*Et l'*Inde *pour luy ſeul ſes perles nourrira.*
Celebrés donc cette journée,
Chantans Hymen! O Hymenée!
Rendés de CHARLES *en tous lieux,*
Le recit glorieux.

VI.

VI. *Le Prince oppreſſé de la* Chine
Ne ſachant plus qui réclamer
Le viendra bien toſt proclamer
Seigneur de la ronde Machine ;
Et le Cham *atterré ſous le* Lion Anglois ;
Tremblant luy ſoumettra ſon Arc et ſon Carquois.
Doncques Hymen ! O Hymenée !
Chante à jamais cette journée
Et Rends de CHARLES *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

VII. *L'*Afrique *à l'envy de l'*Aſie ,
Sous l'abri de ſes bras puiſſans
Va produire en ſes Bois l'encens,
Et dans ſes vergers l'Ambroſie :
Et de leurs veines d'or pour enrichir nos ports,
Melinde *&* Quiloa *tariront les treſors.*
Celebrons donc cette journée,
Chantans Hymen ! O Hymenée !
Rendons de CHARLES *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

VIII. *Du* Jappon *à la* Mozambique,
De là juſqu' aux fins d'Occident,
CHARLES *des Honneurs du Trident*
Va ſe rendre l'Arbitre unique ;
Olinde *eſpere, en Luy ſes conqueſtes bornant,*
Se voir bien toſt le Chef de ſon grand Continent.
Celebrons donc cette journée.
Et Toy Hymen ! ô Hymenée !
Va de CHARLES *rendre en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

IX. *Nymphes, n'épargnés point les Roſes,*
Parſemés en toutes nos eaux,
Voiés comme ſous Ses Vaiſſeaux
Elles ſont promtement écloſes :
CATHERINE *à changé l'influence des Cieux,*
Et la Fleur de Cypris *va regner en tous lieux.*
Celebrons donc cette journée
Et Toy Hymen ! O Hymenée !
Rends de CATHERINE *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

X. *Marions le myrthe à la flame*
De ces belles et chaſtes fleurs,
Le myrthe aime entre les couleurs
Le blanc Symbole de Son Ame;
Ces fleurs à l'advenir vont regner en tous lieux,
CATHERINE *a changé l'influence des Cieux.*
Doncques Hymen! ô Hymeneé!
Chante cette heureuſe journée,
Rends de CATHERINE *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

XI. *Je voy voler l'Oiſeau fidelle*
Qui traine le char de Cypris,
Du plaisir de ce jour épris
Vers la Tamiſe *à tire d'aile;*
Portant dedans ſon bec ſous les reſnes d'Amour,
Un rameau de ſon myrthe en faveur de ce jour:
Celebrons donc cette journée;
Et Toy Hymen! o Hymenée!
Rends de CATHERINE *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux..

XII.

XII. *Je voy desia sur cette rive*
Pallas *s'appreſter aux tournois,*
Poſant ſon belliqueux harnois
Pour ſe couronner de l'Olive:
CATHERINE *a changé l'influence des Cieux,*
La Concorde & la Paix vont regner en ces lieux.
Celebrons donc cette journée;
Et Toy Hymen! ô Hymenée!
Rends de CATHERINE *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

XIII. *Mille Amours chargés de guirlandes*
Et tenans des Palmes en main,
Ont diſpoſé ſur Son chemin
Leurs jeunes et folâtres bandes;
Catherine *des yeux la merveille et L'Amour,*
Fait l'ame et l'ornement de cet aimable jour.
Celebrons donc cette journée
Et Toy Hymen! ô Hymenée!
Rends de CATHERINE *en tous lieux*
Le recit glorieux.

XIV.

XIV. *Bref, je voy cette Heureuſe Terre*
Qui doit bien toſt la poſſeder,
Avec mille ſoins ſeconder
Les veux du Prince d'Angleterre ;
Et ce Prince amoureux, pour charmer ſon tourment
Sur le rivage Anglois conter chaque moment.
Sus donc Hymen ! ô Hymenée !
Haſte cette heureuſe journée !
Et va publier en tous lieux,
Son éclat glorieux.

XV. *Haſte toy d'accomplir l'attente*
De ce Couple cheri des Cieux,
De tes délais officieux
L'un et l'autre s'impatiente :
Ne tiens plus en ſuſpens ces Illuſtres Amans,
Dont l'amoureuſe ardeur conte tous les momens ;
Nymphes haſtons cette journée :
Chantons Hymen ! ô Hymenée !
Allons de ces Amans publier en tous lieux
Le renom glorieux.

FIN.

A POEM ON St. Iamess PARK.

Written by *Edmund Waller* Esq.

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanisht, & the ground;
Yet the description lasts, who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of Rivers rolling by the side
Of *Edens* Garden, here flowes in the tyde;

The Sea which always ſerv'd his Empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous Cities we the founders know:
But Rivers, old as Seas, to which they go,
Are natures bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a River then to build a Town.
For future ſhade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphions* hand
In better order could not make them ſtand.
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great Owner growes!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his Palace tall.
Me thinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The Lovers walking in that Amorous ſhade,
The Gallants dancing by the Rivers ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the Muſick in the boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the notes,
Whilſt over head a flock of new ſprung fowle
Hangs in the Aire, and does the Sun controle:
Darkning the Sky they hover o're, and ſhrowd
The wanton Saylors with a feather'd cloud;
Beneath a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the guilded Barges ſides;
The Ladies angling in the Chriſtal lake,
Feaſt on the water with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their lines and eyes
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize:

A thouſand Cupids on the billows ſide,
And Sea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling tyde,
From *Thetis* ſent as ſpies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Soveraign's Court.
All that can living feed the greedy eye,
Or dead the Pallat here you may deſcry.
The choiceſt things that furniſht *Noahs* Ark,
Or *Peters* ſheet inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various wayes the ſpacious Alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread:
Yonder the harveſt of cold Months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſſe to the Royal Cup,
There Ice like Chriſtal, firm and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* froſt,
Winters dark priſon whence he cannot flie,
Though the warm Spring, his enemy draws nigh:
Strange! that extreams ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the *Alpes*, or in deep Caves below.

Here a well-poliſht Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force imploy;
His manly poſture and his graceful mine,
Vigor and youth in all his motion ſeen,
His ſhape ſo lovely and his limbs ſo ſtrong
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more then half the mall,

And such a fury from his arm has got
As from a smoking Culverin 'twere shot:
May that ill Fate my enemies befall
To stand before his anger or his ball!

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold sons of earth! that thrust their arms so high
As if once more they would invade the sky;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades; and Angels entertain'd:
With such old Counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;
Free from the impediments of light and noise
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts imploys.
Here CHARLES contrives the ord'ring of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes Fates:
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade:
The world, from *India* to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth.
His Fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and contemplation gives:
That Seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdomes do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *White-Hall*,
Built with the fortune of *Romes* Capitol;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate.

From

From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the ſacred gold;
It gives them Crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage,
The Crown ſhould triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that Houſe where all our ills where ſhap'd
Th' Auſpicious Temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So ſnow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and ſcatter'd cinders flie;
The diſtant Countrey in the ruine ſhares,
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain ſpares.
Next that capacious Hall, he ſees the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Juſtice come:
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Paſtor he does goe,
His flock ſubjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find;
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to publick care;
Here free from Court compliances He walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples ſhade,
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring trade;
Or how his Browes may be with Laurel charg'd
For Nations conquer'd and our bounds inlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms and of falling States:

What

What Ruling Arts gave great *Augustus* fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Close by, suggest a greater argument,
His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect,
On what the world may from that Star expect
Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
Day for his sake could with the night agree;
A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided World to reconcile:
What ever Heaven or high extracted blood,
Could promise or foretell, he will make good:
Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
Then this fair Park from what it was before.

FINIS.

LE

PARC

DE

S. IAMES.

Traduit de l'Anglois de Mr. WALLER.

Du premier Paradis il n'y a plus de trace,
Et ce fameux Jardin ne trouue aucune place,
Quoy que Dieu l'eust daigné cultiuer de ses mains,
Sinon dans les Cayers des premiers Escriuains.
Qui scait, si de mes vers l'heureuse destinée,
D'vn succés aussi beau sera point couronnée
Chantant ce Paradis? ou le flot de la Mer,
Au lieu des Eaux d'Eden vient ses ondes calmer,

Et

Et ce fier Element de mon Roy Tributaire,
Par de nouueaux devoirs s'efforcant de luy plaire,
Et contraint d'obeyr à son Royal dessein,
Pour remplir un Canal vuide son propre sein.
Des fameuses Cités l'origine est connüe,
Les fleuues aussi vieils que leur mere chenue
Sont vn don de Nature, et la posterité
Estime beaucoup moins l'Autheur d'une Cité,
Que celuy qui rendant les ondes prisonnieres
Fait reculer la Terre, & naitre des riuieres.
Es bords de ce Canal maints ieunes arbrisseaux,
Nous promettent de ioindre un iour auec ses eaux
La frescheur de leur ombre, et leur ordre agreable
D'Orphée et d'Amphion ressuscite la Fable:
Mais leur Luth immortel et leurs charmantes voix,
Eurent moins que mon Roy l'art d'animer les bois.
Puissent vos frais rameaux, beau plant, croitre aussi
Que de votre Seigneur fait l'Illustre merite! (vite,
Et Luy, qu'il viue assez pour se voir faire vn Daiz
De vôtre ombre, excedant en hauteur son Palais!
Déia ma Muse voit les mignardes caresses,
Que feront mille Amans vn iour à leurs Maitresses
Sous vos beaux promenoirs, leurs dances, et leurs ieux;
Sur le bord de ces eaux ie voy bruler leurs feux;
On s'y baigne l'Esté, puis quand l'huyner decoche
Sur les eaux sa fureur, son beau cryſtal de roche
Y sert de galerie à mille audacieux,
Tantost sur le Patin, tantost sur des essieux.
Il me semble déia que i'entens la Musique
De cent petits bateaux, sur qui l'Echo pratique

Ses

Ses curieux accens, ſe formant des lecons
Du ſuiet amoureux de leurs douces chanſons.
Cependant ſur leur teſte, un gros d'oiſeau ſauvage
Suſpendu dans les airs au Soleil fait vmbrage,
Obſcurciſſant le ciel, et ioüant ſur ces flots
D'un nuage emplumé voile les Matelots.
Les poiſſons plus nombreux qu'és plaines azurées,
S'y font voir au deſſous, et des Barges dorées
Viennent en s'ebattant admirer les coſtés,
Sans crainte abandonnant leur vie á cent Beautés,
Qui tendent ſur ces eaux leurs amorces trompeuſes,
Pour en faire les mets de leurs tables pompeuſes,
Et par leurs yeux vainqueurs ioints á leurs hamecons,
Font un double butin d'hommes et de poiſſons;
Cent Cupidons aiſtés folâtrent ſur ces ondes,
Mille Nymphes de mer s'y coulent vagabondes
Quand le flot y retourne, á deſſein de ſcavoir
De la part de Thetys, quels objets s'y font voir,
Et puis á leur retour, étallant les merveilles
De la Cour de ſon Prince, y charmer ſes oreilles;
Tout ce qui peut flatter, mort ou vivant les ſens
De la veüe ou du gouſt, de plaiſirs innocens,
Se trouve dans ce Parc, ou l'œil ſurpris remarque
Autant d'objets divers qu'eut la premiere Barque,
Ou le drap qui fut veu par l'Apoſtre Peſcheur,
Quand il vint convertir le Centenier pecheur.
Toute ceſte abondance en ſuitte ſe couronne
Par un riche Eſpalier, que la belle Pomone
Vient fournir tous les ans de ſes mets delicats
Et charger de Rauys, d'Abricots, et Muſcats.

Tant de beaux promenoirs charment ici la veüe
Que ma Muſe en leur choix ſe trouve confondue :
Prés de la des hyvers les ſteriles moiſſons,
Gardent au vin Royal leur neige et leurs glacons ;
Des cryſtaux de Janvier les pointes violentes
Temperent des Eſtés les haleines brulantes,
Et du fievreux Lion les cuiſantes ardeurs,
Cedent au moindre effort de leurs bruſques froideurs,
Tant l'art a de pouvoir pour arreſter leur fuitte !
Quoy que le chaud Printemps venant à leur pourſuitte,
Des Zephyrs ennemis empruntе les poulmons,
Et les pouſſe en fuyant iuſqu'au faiſte des monts,
On precipite en bas, ou la neige enſerrée,
Attend dans ſes cachots le ſecours de Borée.
Choſe etrange ! de voir deux extrêmes s'unir,
Et dans un meſme effet comme amis convenir!
Soit au coupeau gelé des Alpes ſourceilleuſes,
Où dans la profondeur des grottes tenebreuſes !
Ici dans un long Mail, nous avons le plaiſir
De contempler ſouvent noſtre Prince *à loiſir,*
Et luy voir exercer ſa force incomparable,
Admirer ſon addreſſe et ſa taille agreable,
Son corps ſi bien placé, ſes iuſtes mouvemens,
Sa vigueur, ſa Jeuneſſe, et ſes regards charmans :
Pléges de noſtre eſpoir, infaillible aſſurance,
Qu'il joüira long temps de noſtre obeïſſance.
A grand peine le coup eſt parti de ſa main,
Que la boule a deſia fait moitié du chemin
De toute la longueur, et s'échappe à la veüe
Recevant de ſon bras ſa viteſſe impreveüe,

Et

Et ſe fait un paſſage auſſi prompt dedans l'air,
Qu'alors que du Canon la foudre ſuit l'eclair.
** Plus ſoudain qu'autrefois pour ſes droits y deffendre,*
Jupiter ne parut ſur les bords du Scamandre.
Là contre, un long Berceau d'arbres chenus et vieux
Delices d'Apollon, ſe preſente á nos yeux :
Leurs bras tendus au ciel, en vrays fils de la Terre,
Semblent luy declarer une ſeconde guerre :
Sous les ſacrés Palais de tels Antiques bois,
Les premiers des humains virent les premiers Roys :
Des Anges viſités ſous ces manoirs ſauvages,
Ils prirent leur repos deſſous leurs frais ombrages,
S'y tinrent iour et nuit conſultans avec eux,
Et parvindrent en fin au rang des Demi-dieux.
L'homme ainſi loin du jour et ſans inquietude
Se poſſede bien mieux dedans la ſolitude.
Lá CHARLES *ruminant au bien de ſes Etats*
Ordonne du Deſtin des autres Potentats :
Balancant l'intereſt du reſte de la terre,
Partage aux Nations ou la Paix ou la Guerre,
Et ſelon ſon plaiſir de l'Inde ou bien du Nort,
Sous ces rameaux ſacrés determine le ſort :
Par les objets de l'oeil ſon ame eſt élevée,
Juqu'á ce qu'à ſa ſphere elle ſoit arrivée :
L'aſpect des lieux frappant l'imagination,
Excite et puis ſoutient ſa contemplation.
Le Siege de ſon Throne *eſt le premier en veüe,*
Il ſemble qu'à l'envy ſon Seigneur il Salüe,

*ces 2 vers ſont neceſſairement adjoutés pour reprendre la rime maſculine, quoy qu'éloignés du texte de l'Autheur, qui eſt une des contraintes de nôtre poeſie Francoiſe, qui en l'Angloiſe auroit peu s'excuſer. La Fable au ſurplus eſt aſſés connüe.

Cet Auguſte Palais qui de trois Nations
Unit l'obeiſſance et les affections :
Whital, *qu'un grand Prelat fonda dans ſa Puiſſance,*
Et dont le Capitole auança la naiſſance,
Superbes Batimens ! tous deux trop relevés
Par deſſus vos Autheurs ! cependant approuvés
Par le ſecret conſeil des ſages Deſtinees,
Pour recevoir chéz vous des Teſtes couronnées.
Paſſant plus outre il voit la Chapelle, ou nos Roys
Recoivent l'or ſacré qui leur gardent les Loix.
Sa Terre auſſi ſacrée également leur donne,
Le droit de Sepulture et le droit de Couronne.
Lá le Sceptre les rend un peu moindres que Dieux,
Puis comme à des mortels la Mort fermant leurs yeux,
Les égale á la poudre. Auſſi cette Structure
Quand les autres crolloyent, eut meilleure avanture,
Et demeura debout, preſageant que du fer
Des Peuples mutinés on verroit triompher
Le Sceptre rétabli, ce Monument Superbe
Echapa du danger d'eſtre caché ſous l'herbe,
Quoy qu'il avoiſinaſt cette fiere Maiſon
Qui de nos maux paſſés forgea la Trahiſon.
Ainſi lors que l'Etna, de ſa cendre embraſée
Ravage la Sicile á ſes flancs expoſée,
La neige au haut du mont conſerve ſa froideur,
Et triomphe au milieu de la brulante ardeur ;
Un torrent tout de feu deſcendant des montagnes
Et ſoüillant le tapis des voiſines Campagnes,
Prive le Laboureur de l'eſpoir des moiſſons,
Cependant qu'au ſommet il nourrit des glacons.

Apres

Apres tous ces objets, une ample et vaſte Salle,
Son Antique ſtructure aux yeux du Prince *étalle,*
Où Themis expliquant les droits de Majeſté,
Range Trois Nations ſous ſon Authorité:
La violence icy devient calme, et revere
La robbe et le regard de ſon Juge ſevere;
Icy comme un Paſteur du ſommet des coupeaux,
Contemple avec plaiſir ſes vagabonds troupeaux
Repaiſſans dans la Plaine, avec indifference
CHARLES *partage aux ſiens et l'aise et l'abondance:*
Nul deplaiſir ſecret ne luy ronge le coeur,
Aucun reſſentiment de ſa raiſon vainqueur,
Ne trouble en ſes efforts le calme de ſon ame,
Sa Jeuneſſe au public donne toute ſa flame,
Il ſuſpend pour ſon bien tous ces boüillans deſirs,
Qui ſoumettent cet âge aux appas des plaiſirs:
Seul icy delivré de la foule Hypocrite
Du flattur Courtiſan, qui juge du merite
Par le ſeul intereſt, il medite á l'écart,
Sans qu'autre en ſes conſeils que luy meſme ait de part:
Son âme en cet état, comme la plus fidelle
De tous ſes Conſeillers, luy fournit le modelle
D'un Gouverneur parfait, luy met devant les yeux
Ce qui peut rendre un jour un Prince glorieux,
Luy ſuggere comment bien toſt la voix publique
Mettra deſſus ſon front l'Olive pacifique,
Pour avoir rétabli le Commerce et les Loix;
Comment apres avoir ſoumis les autres Roys
A ſes juſtes deſirs, élargi ſes Domaines,
De ſon los immortel les bouches ſeront plaines,

Et

Et ſon Chef de Lauriers ; icy des vieils Heros
La prudence il repaſſe et leurs ſages propos ,
La cheute des Etats , et quelles Deſtinées
Avancent la grandeur des Teſtes Couronées :
Par quel art de regner Auguſte eut tant de Nom ,
Comment Alcide peut ſe faire un tel renom ;
Mais un plus haut ſuiet entretient ſa penſée ,
Luy faiſant rappeler ſon Enfance paſſée ,
Quand ſon Palais natal vient s'offrir à ſes yeux ,
Et porte ſes eſprits juſqu'aux Spheres des Cieux.
Il reflechit combien , cette Etoille éclattante
Qu'on vit ſur ſon berceau , tient l'Europe en attente ;
Cet Aſtre , qu'à deſſein le Ciel ſembla former ,
Pour montrer que pour luy la Nuit pouvoit aimer
L'embraſſement du jour , luy s'unir avec elle ,
Et faire en ſa faveur une ligue nouvelle.
O Prince ſans égal ! *duquel en meſme temps*
Deux Aſtres ſe ſont veus , entr'eux ſi differens ,
Reſpecter la naiſſance ! eſt ce pas choſe juſte ,
Qu'on eſpere de voir ſous Ton Empire Auguſte
Le Monde diviſé compoſer ſes diſcords ,
Et ſous un meſme Chef ne faire plus qu'un corps ?
Tout ce que nous pouvoit Ta Naiſſance promettre ,
Ou le Ciel preſager alors qu'il te vit naitre ,
Tu le vas accomplir ; ne reformant pas moins
Tes Peuples cultivés pas Tes Auguſtes ſoins ,
Qu'ils ont changé ce Parc , qui nous ſemble renaitre
Et comme rajeunir depuis qu'il Ta pour Maitre ,
Et par qui Tes Suiets peuvent dés icy bas ,
Ioüir d'un Paradis ſans gouter le Trépas.

FIN.

DE VIVARIO S. Iacobi WESTMON.

à Sereniſſima MAJESTATE CAROLI II.

nuper Exculto & Reparato.

Ex Anglico Dom. EDM. WALLER.

M. DC. LXII.

Nulla * Paradiſi *remanent veſtigia priſci*,
Et quamvis cultore Deo jàm vanuit arbos

* Quamvis ſecundùm proſodiæ gr. leges, duæ primæ Syllabæ breves eſſe debere videantur, tamen quia nomen eſt exoticum Pardeſ. פרדס, licentiam fingendi quantit. ſumo. appoſitè autem ad vivarium ſive ejuſmodi ſeptum deſignandum, ubi feræ aliaque animalia ad delicias nutriuntur, & virgultorum arborumque amœnitas ad voluptatem in quinquuncem compoſitarum oculos paſcit, uſurpatur; quales præcipuè Principum Perſiæ amœni receſſus hoc nomine deſignati fuerunt. Inde Religio ad Cœli fruitionem Beatorumque ſedes per Metaphoram tranſtulit. *Atque*

Atque solum fœlix, servat sacra Pagina tantùm
Quod superest; quis scit, nostra hæc quo carmina fato,
Ipsa Paradisum quoque describentia, surgent?
Regis ubi virgulta manu plantata viresçunt.
Hic fluviis imitata Thetys queis fertilis Eden
Crevit, emissos stagno infert languida fluctus;
Utque fuit nostro semper famulata Monarchæ,
Delicias Briticæ nunc & Dea promovet Aulæ.
Fama refert urbes per quos crevêre vetustæ,
Flumina vero annis Ponto certantia, cujus
Condunturque sinu, Natura munere surgunt;
Et fluviis præbere ortum, quàm condere gentem
Majus opus, major labor est: in margine ripæ
Multa recens arbor, surgit plantata decoro
Ordine, moxque umbras promittit læta futuras:
Nec melius vel Thrax fidicen cum voce canorâ,
Blandusve Amphyon Sylvas traxere sequaces,
Crescite jàm posthac, tenera jàm crescite Sylva!
Tam citò tamque altùm, Domini quàm fama monar-
Antevenit superatque alios notissima vestri! (chas
Vivat is in tantos, fatis volventibus, annos!
Donec eum larga umbra tegat, Regalibus æquet
Luxurians donec truncus fastigia Tectis:
O! quoties teneri posthac ludetis Amores,
Fronde sub hac viridi! quoties hîc spicula figent
Cordibus, ad ripas ducentes otia Nymphæ!
Jàm video certare procos, blandumque favorem
Officiis captare, suas jam fallere curas
Lusibus hic variis, dum longo errore per umbram
Incertosve regunt gressus ducuntve choreas:

Æstivo

Æstivo sub Sole natant, brumalia fallunt
Frigora, ferratâ dùm sulcant aquora plantâ
In glaciem durata; meos an Musica sensus
Decipit; an potiùs parvis incerta per undas
Discurrit cymbis, sequitur dùm mobilis Echo,
Atque notas tremulâ reparat cum voce cadentes?
Sic est: ista decent Carolinum *gaudia* Sæclum.
Linquit aquas, sursúmque volat, perterritus ales
Incola Stagnantis Lympha, libransque per auras
Remigium alarum, Phœbeæ lampadis ignes
Inficit obscuris glomeratâ nube tenebris,
Lascivósque tegit pennæ velamine Nautas.
Interea liquido sub marmore turba natantum
Ludit, & auratas miratur læta carinas;
Insidias tremulâ dùm nectit arundine virgo
In medio vagabunda lacu, prædáque potita
Apponit subitis Neptunia fercula mensis.
Sic oculo victrixque manu, cum duplice prædâ,
Inque homines piscesque simul (proh! dura) triumphat.
Mille supervolitant circúmque feruntur Amores
Dorsa lacus, illos totidem Nymphæque sequuntur,
Huc referente salo fluctus, astúmque tumentem;
Exploratrices veluti, Miracula Terræ
Ut Britic*æ narrent Thetydi, quoque Aula decore*
Emicet, & quæ sit prima illîc gloria formæ.
Hîc gustum quodcunque juvat, vel lumina blandè
Afficit, in parvo Septi concluditur orbe.
Non plùs Arca Noæ cœpit, non linteæ Petro
Plus cœlo demissa, sinu tenuere capaci.
Hujus multa ferax urbos extrema coronat,

Et gravido moles operitur saxea ramo.
Illîc tam vario pandit se semita flexu,
Incerta ut dubiis retrahat vestigia plantis
Musa nimis diversa sequens: hîc algida messes
Horrea brumales in Regia pocula servant,
Intactíque gelu Zephyro chrystalla retundunt
Cani sextiles æstus torpore Decembris.
Obscurus durúsque hyemi perfringere carcer!
Vere licèt tepido velut hoste instante fugetur.
Mirum! sic niveas inter pugnantia messes
Crescere seu superent Alpes, latitentve Cavernis!
Buxea sphæra illic invictos Principis armos
Exercet levi in stadio, gaudentibus ultrò
Huic circumfusis Briticæ *Magnatibus* Aulæ,
Cum populi plaudente manu; crescétque (videnti
Corporis invictúmque habitum nitidúmque leporem,
Et vegetos motus, roseæ florémque Juventæ,
Membrorúmque decus, junctæ & cùm robore formæ,)
Spes certa, ad seros fore duratura Nepotes
Fælicésque diu, Carolini *tempora Sceptri.*
Non citiùs sensit ferientis verbera dextræ
Sphæra fugax, stadii medium quàm prona peregit,
Pernicísque trahens secum cita fulmina tactus,
Martis sulphureos imitatur motibus ignes.
O! tantùm nostros hoc fatum spectet ad hostes!
Tales ut subeant iras, ictusve furorem!
Non procul hinc, nostræ delectamenta Camenæ,
Porticus annosâ spectabilis arbore surgit,
Terrigenûm quæ instar propè vertice nubila tangens,
Stelliferum rursùs scansura videtur Olympum.

Talia

Talia Primævi *coluêre palatia* Reges
Sub viridi ramo, tali duxere sub umbrâ
Somnos Angelico inter Sylvas hospite lati.
Tali in Concilio Populis crevêre verendi,
Et sacrâ sub fronde pios tenuêre Senatus.
Scilicet objicibus lucis strepitusque remotis,
Mens in se conversa animos ad grandia tollit.
Hîc Carolus *gaudet Regni firmare salutem,*
Vicinisque suis partiri fata futura
Sortis; quos vel pace beet, vel Marte lecessat,
Istius umbrosi fiunt oracula templi.
Atque adeo extremis ad Gangem à Gadibus usque,
Omnis in hunc Orbis defixa est cura Kecessum.
Mentem objecta movent, oculis allata ministris,
Undique divinam Caroli *affectusque silenti*
Ex variâ rerum nascuntur imagine Regi.
Hîc primò Imperii Sedes excelsa salutat
Principis Augustum lumen, cui jura Coronæ
Sunt tripli cis, cujus Populi tres jussa capessunt:
Præsulis ambitiosa domus! celsique Penates!
Nunc Signati Aulæ *fortunâ nominis* Albæ,
Et qui Tarpeias fulti crevere per arces!
Impare quippe suis Arces Authoribus ambo
Sorte caput Fatoq; probante, ad nubila tollunt.
Hîc etiam veteris spectanda cacumina Fani
Assurgunt oculis, ubi Regum more perenni,
Induitur sacræ Cervix fulgore Coronæ:
Regibus hîc crescunt Diademata, manibus Urnæ
Hîc Regum asservant Cineres post fata relictos;
Adscripti hîc superis plus quam mortalia spiram,

Deinde ſolo æquati, vulgi de more quieſcunt.
Omine fælici, dùm cætera templa ruerunt,
Hoc ſtetit, ut Sceptro rabidâ de plebe triumphos
Tandem promittens; ſtetit, auſpicióque ſecundo
Moles ſacra; Domo quamvis vicina, furoris
Conſcia quæ Britici, civilem accendere facem
Auſa eſt, in Patriæ converſo viſcera ferro:
Attamen illa ſtetit. Siculis ſic Mulciber antris
Dùm flammas ignémque vomit, cineréſque feruntur
Ad libitum Boreæ, ſtat nix intacta caminis
Deſuper Ætneis, ſua lugent damna Coloni
Eminùs, allapſis ſed parcit flamma pruinis.
Non procul hinc oculos Prætoria celſa ſalutant
Principis, Auguſtæ Themidis viſuntur & Arces,
Jura ubi dat rigidis æquali lance Britannis;
Arma ubi nunc ceſſêre togæ, vultúſque ſeveros
Judicis exhorret timidi ſpes prona clientis.
Hîc veluti populi Paſtor, ſub lumen ovile
Qui tenet, & tenerâ fovet hoc ſub pectore curâ,
Incedit Carolus: *nullo mens ſacra laborat*
Ni Patris affectu, privata injuria nullo
Conturbat motu ſacræ penetralia mentis.
Rex pius *hîc teneræ delectamenta juventæ*
Suſpendit, Populíque vovens ſua penſa ſaluti,
Aulæ blanditias fugat hinc, pictoſque favores,
Séque uſus ſolo ceu Conſultore fideli,
Incedit meditans; quâ tempora cingat olivâ
Reſtaurans laceras Leges, ſpoliatáque bello
Majugenæ ſtudia, aut quâ ſe fronde coronet,
Clareat & Lauro, poſtquàm de Gente triumphos

Egerit

Egerit externâ, patriáſque refecerit artes,
Tum veterum volvens animis dictata Sophorum,
Quas Fortuna vices Sceptris præſcribat, ut illum
Erigat ex humili ceu pulvere, fulminet illum
Ictu oculi, ſolidæ perpendit acumine mentis:
Per quas fama vigens Auguſti creverit artes,
Quid tantùm Alcidæ dederit per ſæcula nomen.
Verùm natalis moles vicina Palatî
Obſiciens oculis ſe ſe, majoribus implet
Mentem argumentis, & per ſublimia ducit
Excelſos animos penſantis, qualia Sydus
Naſcenti affulgens *fecit præſagia terris*
Attonitis, qualémque dedit ſpem Gentibus Orbis,
Cœlo ipſo monſtrante viam; ſe rumpere leges
Nàm voluiſſe ſuas, luſique aptaſſe tenebras,
Signarent Pueri *ut cunas miracula* Magni
Vix dùm viſa priùs: cui tàm diverſa refulſit
Lux naſcenti, Orbem ſacro ut ſub fœdere totum
Sit natus junxiſſe ſimul, Paciſque jacentes
Etigere, Et feſtis circumdare floribus aras:
Nec ſpes vana animum aut illudens fata fovebit,
Quicquid enim cœlum promiſit, ſydera quicquid
Prædixêre, bonis tandem ſucceſſibus hæc Te
Regnante evenient, & ſæcula noſtra beabunt.
Collapſæ ac veteres Gentis ſarcire ruinas,
Artibus & variis dùm condere ſedulus urges,
Rex Pie, *Tu* Patriæ *meliori Nomine* Cultor
Dicêris, quàm quòd reparaſti hoc nobile Septum.

FINIS.

OF THE

Late WAR

WITH

SPAINE

And our VICTORY at SEA,

NEAR

S. LUCAR.

NOw for some ages had the Pride of *Spain*,
Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain,
Whilst she bid War to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye:
Of Natures bounty men forbore to tast,
And the best portion of the Earth lay wast.

From

From the new world her silver and her gold,
Came like a tempest to confound the old;
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her *Indian* mines.
When *Britain* looking with a just disdain,
Upon his guilded Majesty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Her native force and virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the Worlds repose.
And now some months encamping on the main,
Our naval Army had besieged *Spain*,
They that the whole Worlds Monarchy design'd
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red-crosse they Triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the Sea:
Others may use the Ocean as their road;
The *English* only make it their abode:
Our Oaks secure as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*,
Near to the line the Sun approaching saw:
And hop'd their *European* Coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the *Autumnal* Wind:
Their huge capacious *Gallions* stuft with plate,
The labouring Winds drive slowly towards their fate:
Before St. *Lugar* they their guns discharge
To tell their joy or to call forth a Barge:
This heard, some ships of ours, though out of view,
As swift as Eagles to the quarrey flew:

So

So heedleſſe Lambs which for their mothers bleat
Wake hungry Lyons and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragick play,
And with their ſmoaky Cannon baniſh day;
Night, horrour, ſlaughter with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable armes imbrace the Fleets;
Through yielding planks the angry bullets flie,
And of one wound hundreds together die,
Born under different ſtars one Fate they have,
The ſhip their Coffin, and the Sea their grave.
Bold were the men who on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new ſailes when ſhipwrack was the worſt
More danger now from man alone we find
Then from the rocks, the billows or the wind;
They that had ſayl'd from near th' Antartique pole,
Their Treaſure ſafe and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear countrey ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or Sea;
What they would ſpare our fiercer Art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terrour and in noiſe:
Once *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder part the frey;
Heaven here in vain that kind retreat ſhould ſound,
The louder Canon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich lading to the bottom went,
Down ſinks at once, ſo fortune with us ſports,
The pay of Armies and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore,
As avarice had digg'd for it before!

What

What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep;
Where *Thetis* kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate and pride,
And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell with the noblest of our enemies.
The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy:
Out from his flaming ship his children sent
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Ladies side,
And since he could not save her, with her dy'd:
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And Phœnix like in that rich nest they die;
Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd
Ashes, more worth then all their funeral cost,
Then the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying Lovers and their floting Sons
Suspend the Fight and silence all our Guns.
Beauty and youth about to perish finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That the rich Spoil neglecting and the prize
All labour now to save our enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now to gain the Spanish plate
Made the Sea blush with blood, forget their hate,
And their young foes while sinking they retrive,
With greater danger then they fought they dive.

SUR

La Victoire NAVALE

Obtenue devant Cadis

SUR

L'Espagnol.

M. DC. LVII.

Traduit de l'Anglois de Mr. WALLER.

DEsia long temps l'orgueuil du Castillan avare,
Avoit fait luire en vain sur ce terroir barbare
Dont la Vaste grandeur partage l'Univers,
Les rayons du Soleil : long temps sur les deux mers
Qu'il voit en se couchant du lieu de sa naissance,
Maint Galion avoit publié sa puissance ;

Et

Et l'insolent pouvoir de ses commandemens ;
Qui privant du plus vil de tous les elemens,
Ses iustes possesseurs, par une injuste guerre,
En defendoit l'accés au reste de la Terre :
Traittant comme un objet digne d'hostilité,
Quiconque s'opposant contre sa cruauté
Tentoit de reparer les bréches & iniure,
Que ses meurtres faisoient aux loix de la Nature.
Ses beaux fruits languissans, par ce jaloux dessein
Pourrissoient sans honneur dans son fertile sein ;
Et sa main pour neant se montroit liberale,
Des faveurs que le Ciel sous ces climats étalle,
Ces dangereux metaux, dont le fatal poison
Ensorcelle nostre ame & blesse la raison,
Ainsy qu' une tempeste à la faveur del'onde
Venoient de ce Nouveau fondre sur le vieil Monde,
Pour troubler son repos ; ces Princes basanés
Tenans des Electeurs les esprits enchainés
Par des liens dorés, s'estoient rendus arbitres
De l'Empire & de Rome, & dispensoient ses titres
Au gré de leur faveur, Leurs injustes projets
De l'Europe ébranlée attristoyent les sujets,
Voians en cette main les Clefs du Capitole,
Et L'Aigle des Cesars trembler à leur parolle ;
Quand le Lion Anglois, plein d'indignation
Contre le faux eclat de cette Nation
Dont l'or fait la grandeur, jugea mal asseurée,
La Majesté qui croid établir sa durée
Sur le lustre incertain de ce trompeur metal,
Il oppose aussi tost du soldat de Whitall

La ſolide valeur à vaincre accoutumée,
Aux pompeux appareils de ce Roy diffamée :
Deſia les eſcadrons de nos fameux Vaiſſeaux
Aians planté leur Camp dans le milieu des eaux,
Ont aſſiegé l'Eſpagne, et borné de leur onde
Ces zelés aſſerteurs de l'empire du Monde;
Leurs navires gelés au milieu de leurs ports,
Nont pour nous reſiſter que de foibles efforts.
Ils contemplent de loin nos mignons de Neptune,
Dont la maſle valeur enchaine la Fortune,
Poſſeder ſans rival les humides ſeillons,
Et les faire trembler deſſous leurs Paveillons.
D'autres ſur l'Ocean peuvent avoir l'audace
De rader, quand ſoudain Æole les menace;
L'Anglois oſe luy ſeul y faire ſa maiſon,
L'hanter en tous vents et en toute ſaiſon;
Contre tous accidens il ſcait regir ſes voiles,
Comme s'il avoit fait ligue avec les étoiles.
Ses Fregates ſur mer paroiſſans comme un bois
Semblant y croitre encor une ſeconde fois,
Et comme offrir aux pieds la fermeté des villes
Contre le choc des flots, en chaſteaux immobiles.
Cependant l'Eſpagnol voiant le Dieu du jour
Ses ombres raccourcir, medite ſon retour
Vers ſa terre natale, eſperant que l'Autône
Qui de vents orageux cette ceſte environne,
Auroit ouvert ſes ports chaſſant nos matelots,
Qu'il craint plus mille fois que la fureur des flots,
Le vent pouſſe a regret (preſageant leur fortune)
Leurs peſans Galions ſur le dos de Neptune,

Qui trainent lentemant ces lourds & vaſtes corps,
Ou l'Inde à renfermé preſque tous ſes treſors.
Dés que Cadis parut, ſoit en ſigne de joye
Ou bien pour advertir que du port on envoye
Des alleges à bord, ils font retentir l'air
D'un coup de leur canon, plus viſte que l'éclair,
Echò le porte au loin, ſoudain de nos Ecoutes
La plus prompte à ce bruit fend les humides routes
Auſſi legerement comme l'Aigle affamé
Quand il double ſon vol, vers la proye animé.
Des autres auſſi toſt la valeur ſe reveille,
Le ſoldat plein d'eſpoir au combat s'appareille,
Et preſqu'en un moment l'ombre de nos vaiſſeaux
Au Caſtillan tremblant oſte l'aſpect des eaux;
Ainſy le ſimple agneau dedans ſa bergerie,
Du Lion endormi réveille la furie,
Beelant apres ſa mere, & ſert d'addreſſe aux pas
Du monſtre dont enfin il devient le repas.
A l'abord leur canon d'un tragique carnage
Commence le prelude, & d'un obſcur nuage
Enveloppe le jour, dont l'air ſemble attriſté
Refuſer ſa lumiere à tant de cruauté:
La nuit, l'horreur, la mort retrace deſſus l'onde
L'image du Chaos en leuſance du Monde,
Et la Parque au timon de ces Châteaux mouvans
Se pourmeine en triomphe à la faveur des Vents,
Animant les partis, & de ſes mains ſanglantes
Les fait joindre en depit des vagues inconſtantes:
Maint bouiet irrité ſe plonge dans le flanc
Des navirès briſés, & fait paſſage au ſang

Du

Du ſoldat demembré, dont en foulle les ombres
A chaque coup tiré paſſent aux rives ſombres.
L'on voit en expirer ſous un meſme Deſtin,
Ceux qu'un divers aſpect diviſoit en leur fin,
Et pour les receuillir au ſein de la Nature
La nef fait leur cercueil, l'onde leur ſepulture.
Hardy fut le mortel, qui tenta des premiers
D'abandonner ſa vie à l'art des Nautonniers!
Quand leur danger n'alloit au delà du naufrage.
Maintenant il doit plus craindre ſa propre rage,
Que celle des écueils ny des fiers Aquilons
Quand ils ont irrité les humides ſeillons.
Ces gens qui du climat où l'onde baigne l'Ourſe
Avoyent heureuſement presque achevé leur courſe,
Et rapportoient chés eux les treſors d'Occident,
Sans avoir rencontré nul faſcheux accident,
Viennent dedans le port faire un triſte naufrage,
Dont on ne peut blamer ny les Vents ny l'orage;
Ce qu'ils avoient ſauvé de la fureur des flots
Tombe deſſous la main de nos fiers matelots,
Qui dans l'art de detruire excellent les tempeſtes
Que le Ciel auroit peu verſer deſſus leurs teſtes.
Jadis du haut d'Ida Iupiter regardant
Les deux Camps ennemis, & ſa foudre dardant,
Calmoit à ſon plaiſir les debats de leur guerre.
Icy ſon bras en vain euſt lancé le tonnerre,
Le canon ſans reſpect en euſt noyé la voix,
Et deffendu d'oüir cet Heraut de ſes loix.
Le ſuccés du combat different en fortune,
Partagea le butin entre nous & Neptune.

Ce

Ce qu'il prend s'abiſmant promptement ſous les eaux
Semble en cor avoir peur du choc de nos vaiſſeaux.
Ainſy de nos grandeurs la Fortune ſe joüe,
Et change nos deſſeins au plaiſir de ſa Roüe:
Ainſy voit on perir dans ces ſtottantes tours,
La Paye du ſoldat, et la pompe des Cours.
Vain mortel! dont l'humeur inconſtante et peu ſage
Abiſme rechef en ſa boüillante rage
Ce metal, que Nature enfermoit à deſſein
De l'oſter à nos yeux, au plus creux de ſon ſein;
Prevoiant qu'il ſeroit quelque jour le Supplice
De ton ingenieuſe et hardie avarice!
Ce que la terre en vain celoit dans ſes cachots
Aux mortels affamés, eſt englouti des flots;
Qui plus officieux derobent à la veüe
Ce dangereux poiſon par qui l'ame ſe tue:
Ces ſemences d'orgueuil, de luxe, ambition,
La peſte des Etats et la confuſion.
Mais l'onde enfin recoit dedans ſon ſein avare,
Entre tout ce butin le butin le plus rare,
Un Marquis qui voiant le feu mis à ſon bord,
Semble aiſe de trouver ce chemin à la mort.
Soit qu'il la creuſt plus douce, ou tint à plus de gloire
De priver l'ennemy du fruit de ſa Victoire.
Laiſſant à la mercy d'un plus doux element,
Ses Enfans retirés de ſon embraſement.
Luy touché pour leur ſort de ſentimens plus tendres
Neglige le ſien propre, et ſe reſerve aux cendres
De ſa chere moitié, veut mourir l'embraſſant
Puis qu'à la ſecourir il ſe trouve impuiſſant.

Et

Et comme le Phœnix, quand il eſt las du monde,
Repare ſon deſtin ſur ſa cendre feconde
Dans un lict de parfums; tels de vers deux Amans
Avant que d'expirer ſont les embraſſemens.
Tout ce qu'ont d'odorant, les Jardins de l'Aurore,
Tous ce qu'a le terroir de l'un et l'autre More
De plus riches ſenteurs, comme un autel fumant
S'exhale avec leurs corps, les flammes embaumant.
La Mort à plus de fiel, et ſemble plus barbare,
Quand des objets aimés ſa rigueur nous ſepare;
Mais elle perd ce titre, alors qu'avecques nous
Elle enferme au tombeau ce qui nous fut plus doux.
Que fait elle au Marquis? tenoit il plus qu'a vie
Son or, et la Beauté qu'elle luy a ravie?
Leur cœur de leur vivant bruſla de meſmes feux:
Elle ne fait qu'un corps de la cendre des deux;
Cendres, de plus haut prix qu'aucune Sepulture,
Qu'auroit peu iuſte donner ou l'art ou la Nature;
Que tout ce que les feux ou l'onde ont conſumé,
De tant de grands treſors! Mauſolée abiſmé!
Ce prodige d'Amour, la famille flottante
De ce couple expirant, calme et tient en attente
Les Eſprits ſuſpendus de nos fiers combattans,
Puis impoſe ſilence aux canons eclattans.
Tant à de la beauté le charme d'advantage,
Quand elle eſt en danger, pour flechir le courage
Du genereux Anglois, dont la maſle vertu
Pardonne à l'ennemy ſous ſes pieds abbatu.
Et mépriſant le gain d'une avare victoire,
Au ſalut des vaincus fait conſiſter ſa gloire.

Que

Que des nos paſſions l'eſtat eſt peu conſtant,
Que nôtre eſprit touſiours en ſoy meſme flottant
Ayme le changement! et que dans nos penſées;
Les images qu'il peint ſont bien toſt effacées!
La haine et l'Amitié ſe ſuivent pas à pas;
Ceux qui tantoſt portoient l'horreur et le trepas
Dans leurs ſanglantes mains, de ſentimens plus calmes
Maintenant animés, par de plus nobles palmes
Que celles du butin ſe veullent couronner;
Aimans mieux les treſors de l'Inde abandonner
A la mercy des flots, que de ternir le luſtre
Par un acte cruel de leur Victoire illuſtre.
Voyans ces expoſés dans l'extreme danger,
Ces reſtes du Marquis ſur les ondes nager,
Ils ſe jettent apres au mépris de leur vie,
Pour ſuivre le chemin où l'honneur les convie
Ioint avec la pitié, l'honneur de qui le prix
Eſt le plus grand loyer des genereux eſprits.
Ainſy de nos ſoldats la valeur ſe contente
De ſauver du Marquis la famille flottante,
Avec plus de danger qu'ils n'avoient combatu,
Preferans au butin l'honneur et la vertu.

FIN.

TO HIS SACRED

MAIESTY,

A

Panegyrick

ON HIS

CORONATION.

By J. Dreyden.

IN that wild Deluge where the World was drownd,
When life and sin one common tombe had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of Joy the Ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd
It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground;

And

And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd
Till new-born Nature in freſh looks appear'd:
Thus (Royal Sir) to ſee you landed here
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious Joys repeat
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind beams by their continu'd ſtay
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the Damps away.
Such vapours while your pow'rful influence drys
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſt theſe ſacred rights prepar'd,
Some guilty Moneth had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own,
Your glory's may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore
When you refreſh'd our joy's by adding more:
As Heav'n of old diſpenc'd Cæleſtial dew,
You give us Manna and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruines are remov'd from ſight,
The Seaſon too comes fraught with new delight;
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:
Soft weſtern winds waft ore the gaudy Spring,
And opened Scenes of flow'rs and bloſſoms bring
To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not only King of us but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart,
Of your own pomp your ſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the Nations happineſs proclaim
And Heav'n this day is feaſted with your name.

Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each ſingles out a prey,
And longs to date a Conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſt your eyes to cloſe:
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred Temple you are led,
Where waites a Crown for your more ſacred Head:
How juſtly from the Church that Crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful quire their harmony employ
Not to make greater but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your Name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of Incenſe fly:
Muſique her ſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiſeſt notes to praiſe the beſt of Kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tombe have found,
And lye like Bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace and diſcord could attone,
His Name is Muſick of it ſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred Oyl anoints your head,
And fragrant ſents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large Dome, the peoples joyful ſound
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground:
Which in one bleſſing mixt deſcends on you,
As heightned ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of your ſelf you can admit no more:

We

We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time like Angels in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty or our hopes alone
Create that joy, but full fruition;
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.
No promiſe can oblige a Prince ſo much
Still to be good as long to have been ſuch.
A noble Emulation heats your breaſt,
Ang your own fame now robbs you of your reſt:
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſeditions brand;
And zeal (which burnt it) only warms the Land.
The jealous Sects that dare not truſt their cauſe
So farre from their own will as to the Laws,
You for their Umpire and their Synod take,
And their appeal alone to *Cæſar* make.
Kind Heav'n ſo rare a temper did provide
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet,
But 'tis our Kings perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough Northern climes
From milder heav'ns you bring, without their crimes:
Your calmneſſe does no after ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When Empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every Father govern'd as a King;
But you that are a Soveraign Prince, allay
Imperial pow'r with your paternal ſway.

From

From those great cares when ease your soul unbends
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue Empire please.
Hither in Summer ev'nings you repair
To take the fraischeur of the purer air;
Undanted here you ride when Winter raves,
With *Cæsars* heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing but fear my Numbers stayes;
No Loyal Subject dares that courage praise.
In stately Frigats most delight you find,
Where well-drawn Battels fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
Beyond your Court flows in th'admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondring fishes glide:
Here in a Royal bed the waters sleep,
When tir'd at Sea within this bay they creep.
Here the mistruftful soul no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King protects.
From your lov'd *Thames* a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A Queen, from whose chast womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The souls of Kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your Love before made discord cease:
Your Love is destin'd to your Countries peace.
Both *Indies* (Rivalls in your bed) provide
With Gold or Jewells to adorn your Bride.
This to a mighty King presents rich ore,
While that with Incense does a God implore.

Two

Two Kingdoms wait your doom, and as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a Crown, or that muſt looſe.
Thus from your Royal Oke, like *Joves* of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies fore-told:
Propitious Oracles are begg'd with vows,
And Crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.
Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nations fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate;
Chooſe only, (Sir,) that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their Childrens happineſs.

FINIS.

Panegyrique

DU

SERENISSIME ROY

CHARLES II.

Au ſuiet de ſon Couronnement.

M. DC. LXI.

Traduit de L'Anglois de Mr. DRYDEN.

QUand la fureur des eaux noyant le premier Monde,
Etouffa le pecheur et le peché dans l'onde,
Le moindre et foible aſpect du plus proche coſteau
Sortant hors de l'abyſme, au languiſſant Vaiſſeau

Fit

Fit renaitre auſſi toſt l'eſperance et la joye :
Mais lors que ſon reflus eut retrouvé la voye
De ſes premiers Cachots, par degrés s'abbaiſſant
Le terroir demeura peu certain et gliſſant ;
Et toute la beauté qui fait cette ſtructure
Differa d'éclatter, tant qu'on viſt la Nature,
Vierge et fraiche ſortir avec ſes ornemens
Du palais tenebreux des confus élemens :
Ainſy, ROY ſans égal, de vous voir ſur nos rives
Suffiſoit pour tenir nos volontés captives,
Et dans le premier an nous combler des plaiſirs
Ou pouvoyent aſpirer nos plus ardens deſirs ;
Ce fut un de vos ſoins d'arreſter noſtre joye,
Tant qu'elle peuſt parétre et plus grande et plus coye,
Et que de vos rayons la bienfaiſante ardeur
Echauffant noſtre Terre euſt banni ſa froideur,
Et ces triſtes vapeurs, qui plus elles s'élevent
Tant plus á vos regards ſe diſſipent et crévent.
Trop de haſte auroit peu voſtre Pompe ternir,
Et faire de nos jours les crimes rajeunir :
Mais cet An eſt tout vôtre, il eſt ſans tache aucune,
Vôtre gloire n'a rien qui ſon luſtre importune :
Et nos premiers plaiſirs á peine ſont paſſés,
Qu'en les rendant plus grands vous les recommencés :
Nous donnant chaque jour, comme au Peuple rebelle
Fit le Ciel autrefois, de la manne nouvelle.
Tous malheurs á preſent écartés de nos yeux,
L'An chargé de plaiſirs ſort des portes des cieux :
Le Temps n'eſt plus courbé ſous le faix de ſon âge,
Ou rampe languiſſant denué de plumage :

Flore vient nous revoir dans le char des Zephirs,
Et parſéme les champs d'Emerande et Sapphirs,
Et de tous les treſors dont elle peint l'année,
Pour mieux faire éclatter ceſte heureuſe journée;
Cependant que vous, SIRE, en Royal appareil
Semblés nous viſiter dans celuy du Soleil,
Et ſoumettre á vos loix celles de la Nature,
Faiſant que l'An entier ſoit vôtre Creature.
Deſſus vous aujourd'huy chaque œil eſt arreſté,
Chaque coeur á vos pieds offre ſa liberté;
Et la meilleure part de la Magnificence
Dont la pompe vous ſuit, nâit de vôtre preſence:
L'heur de la Nation s'exprime en mille accens,
Qui montent vers le Ciel comme un plaiſant eneens
Chargés de vôtre Nom; de vôtre Cavalcade,
Les Spectateurs voyans la pompeuſe parade
De leurs hauts Echaffauts, ſont encor au deſſous
De vôtre Majeſté; iettans les yeux ſur vous.
A l'envy chaque Brave á triompher s'appreſte
Parmi voſtre Cortége, et datte ſa conqueſte
De ce iour glorieux: mais apres que la nuit
Sous la clef du ſilence a renfermé le bruit,
De ſes moites pavots abreuvant vos paupiéres,
Morphée officieux, de ces belles matiéres
Dont vôtre œil éveillé ſe vient d'entretenir,
Fait ſur vôtre chevet l'image revenir:
Puis le iour r'allumé, vous marchés droit au Temple
Que Voſtre Majeſté *ſoutient par ſon Exemple,*
Ou l'or d'une Couronne á Vôtre Chef ſacré
Du Throne Souverain vous offre le degré.

Et

Et c'eſt bien la raiſon que l'Egliſe vous donne,
Vous devant ce qu'elle eſt, Grand Prince *une Couronne.*
Car malgré les Complots du Tyran des Enfers,
Vous l'avés rétablie, et relaſché ſes fers;
Ses doux accords pour vous, Grand Monarque, *elle em-*
Plus pour ſolennizer que pour croître ſa joye, (ploye
Et vôtre Nom ſuivant ſes airs melodieux,
Eſt porté comme encens vers la voute des cieux:
Mais l'harmonie eſt foible, et ſa force eſt petite
Pour du meilleur des Roys celebrer le merite:
Tous ſes divins accords enſemble recueillis,
Dans un ſuiet ſi grand ſont comme enſevelis,
Et demeurent noyés de meſme que l'Avette
S'étouffe en la liqueur qu'elle meſme s'eſt faite:
Et puis ayant remis la Concorde et la Paix,
Filles de l'Harmonie, au coeur de vos ſuiets,
Vôtre Nom doit il pas par des douceurs pareilles
A ſes divins accords, enchanter nos oreilles?
Cependant deſſus vous la Sainte huile on repand,
Dont depuis vôtre Chef l'odeur par tout s'eſtend
Vers le Dome du Temple, et revient ſurchargée
Des cris des Aſſiſtans, et par ces cris changée
Comme eſprits ſublimés en benedictions,
Qui r'amaſſent en vous l'heur de trois Nations:
Et retombent ainſi qu'une riche roſée,
De l'eſſence du Ciel ſur les fleurs compoſée.
Non pas que nous puiſſions par nos voeux repetés
Ajouter quelque choſe á vos felicités,
Vous poſſedés aſſés de Grandeur en vous meſme,
Plus par vôtre Vertu que vôtre Diademe

Digne de nos respects, vous avés des Tresors
Au delà de nos voeux pour l'Esprit et le Corps,
Et nous n'augmentons pas par nos chants vôtre gloire,
Mais de vôtre Grandeur celebrons la memoire,
Comme les Anges font nostre joye exprimans,
Et dans ce doux plaisir nostre âge consumans:
Plaisir qui ne naist pas de la seule esperance,
Ou des loix du devoir, mais de la joüyssance
Des biens desia presens, et qui rend l'avenir
Par le passé plus cher à nostre souvenir.
Quel plege asseure mieux les bontés d'un Monarque
Vers la posterité, que cette Auguste marque
Que vous nous en donnés par six lustres entiers,
Suivant des Vrais Heros les immortels sentiers;
De plus d'un noble feu vôtre ame est enflammée:
D'un aiguillon de gloire et d'honneur animée,
Et vous brûlés toujours d'un desir genereux
De rendre de vos faits les Siecles amoureux;
Ainsi qui veut avoir de longues destinées,
Doit faire succeder l'une à l'autre enchainées
Les belles actions, ainsi que dans nos corps
Un suc égal soutient de l'ame les ressorts.
Vous avés, O Grand Prince! éteint desià les flames
De la Rebellion, et dissipe ses trames,
Vous avés corrigé ce Zele trop brûlant
Qui bien loin d'échauffer, de son feu violant
Consumoit la vigueur de ceste heureuse Terre,
Et servoit d'aliment aux fureurs de la guerre:
Vous avés reformé ces esprits libertins,
Vous estes devenu de ces facheux mutins

Le

Le grand Moderateur, quoy que leur humeur noire
De reſiſter aux Loix fiſt ſa premiere gloire,
Et n'oſaſt s'y fier, á preſent leur devoir
Du Thrône de Ceſar reconnoit le pouvoir.
Tant égal en humeur le ciel vous a fait naitre,
Qu'apprivoiſant le Crime il vous aime pour Maître,
Ose à vous ſe fier, & meſme conſentir
A recevoir vos loix apres le repentir!
L'oubli ſe doit en nous eſtimer pour un crime,
Mais quand mon Roy *s'en ſert il le rend legitime,*
Et l'habille en vertu, dont preſques á l'envy
Tout un Cortege entier, Grand Roy, vous a ſuivy
Des Climats étrangers ſans mélange de vices,
Des maux des Souverains les perfides complices.
Vous ne deguiſés point l'état de vótre Coeur,
De votre paſſion il eſt tousours vainqueur,
Et ſon calme jamais ne couve de tempeſte,
Ny ſous un ciel ſerain de tonnerre n'appreſte.
Quand du Monde naiſſant la premiere Saiſon
Vit un Roy das l'enclos de chacune Maiſon,
Lors chaque Pere avoit ſon Souverain Empire;
Mais vous eſtes né tel, et tel pouvant vous dire
Roy de droit abſolu, toujours vous imités
D'vn Pere envers les ſiens les plus tendres bontés;
Puis quand pour reparer ceſte celeſte flame
De Vos eſprits laſſés, Vous relachés vótre ame;
Elle a toujours pour but quelque noble deſſein,
Que l'Amour ou l'Honneur vous verſe dans le ſein.
Né Souverain des Mers, *et poſſedant le Titre*
De Roy de l'Ocean, *dont vous eſtes l'Arbitre:*

Vous

Vous vous divertissés sur ce moite Element,
Qui fait de Vos Etats la force et l'ornement.
Là quand les nuits d'Eſté rendent leurs voiles ſombres
Vous y venés chercher la fraicheur dans les ombres;
Puis quand l'Hyver des flots excite la fureur,
Plus hardy que Ceſar vous domtés ſon horreur.
I'en dirois encor plus, mais ie ſens mon langage
Trop foible pour loüer, Sire, voſtre Courage;
Et la peur doit ſaiſir tout fidelle Suiet,
Qui s'approche trop prés d'un ſi brillant objet:
Vos Fregates, l'honneur des plaines azurées,
Peintes de cent combats ſur leurs Poupes dorées,
Font tout vôtre plaiſir, et réveillent en vous
Parmi vos paſſetemps ce Martial courroux,
Nourri dans vôtre ſein dés vos ieunes années,
Qui vous rend la terreur des Teſtes couronnées:
Ainsy nous éprouvons quelle eſt l'utilité,
Des divertiſſemens de voſtre Majeſté
Pour l'intereſt public, puis qu'en vos plaiſirs meſmes
Vous meſlés prudemment les ſoins du Diadéme.
Prés de Voſtre Cour vient tous les iours ſe calmer
Dans un nouveau Canal le reflus de la Mer:
Les poiſſons étonnés dans leurs grottes profondes
Admirent la fraicheur de ces nouvelles ondes
Thetys laſſe du bruit et murmure des flots
Dedans ce Lit Royal vient chercher ſon repos.
L'oyſeau ſauvage icy quitte ſa defiance,
Tant tout ſous vôtre Nom ſe trouve en aſſeurance.
Vôtre chere Tamiſe, *aux ſoins officieux*
De qui ceſte Iſle doit vôtre aſpect gracieux,

Nous

Nous va bien toſt d'vn iour ſillé d'or et de ſoye,
Encores une fois faire gouſter la joye:
Joye à nulle pareille, et dont l'aimable iour
Ne cede qu'á celuy de vôtre heureux Retour,
Nous donnant une Reine, *en qui la Deſtinée*
Garde l'ame á nouuit corps de Teſte couronnée:
Vôtre Amour le premier fit ceſſer nos debats,
Et par luy noſtre Paix ſe conſerue icy bas:
Chaque Inde de vos feux deuenant la Riuale,
Son or et ſes joyaux pour vôtre Reyne étalle,
Celle cy vous fait voir ſes plus riches metaux,
L'autre avec ſon encens tache á guarir nos maux
En appaiſant les Cieux; Deux Grands Princes attendent
Quel eſt vôtre decret, et leur joye ſuſpendent
Angré de Vôtre choix, et Vôtre ſeul deſir
Leur va donner un Sceptre, ou l'oſte á ſon plaiſir.
Ainſi du ſacré Cheſne on tiroit le preſage
Des deſtins á venir, dedans le premier age,
Comme on vient avec vœux vos oracles chercher,
Et hors de vos rameaux des Sceptres détacher.
Vos Sujets cependant tenans leurs deſtinées
A vôtre volonté tout a fait enchainées,
Suſpendent prudemment leur haine ou leur amour,
Sans les determiner qu'au gré de Vôtre Cour.
Choiſiſſés donc, Grand Prince, afin que de nôtre Age
Ee de celuy qui vient la Paix ſoit l'heritage.

FIN.

ANGLORUM POETARUM

cultissimo,

Sibique Amicissimo

Dom. *EDM. WALLERO.*

De hâcce quorundam illius Poematum ad specimen, ex Anglico Versione.

EPIGRAMMA *Authoris.*

ILla etiàm merita est concinnæ vocis honorem
Quæ blandos Echò scit dare vera sonos.
Dúmq; tuos valeam, WALLERE, *referre lepores*
Quæ numeros auris respuet æqua meos?

P. D. C.

THE
FORTUNATE ISLANDS.

BEING

Part of a larger Poem written formerly in French, upon the Happy INAUGURATION OF

CHARLES II.

By *P. D. C.* Gent. And ſince by him Tranſlated in Engliſh and Latin.

Senec. Trag. Medea.

——Venient annis
Secula ſeris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, & ingens
Pateat Tellus, Tiphyſque novos
Detegat Orbes, nec ſit terris
Ultima Thule.

TO THE

HEROICK and ILLUSTRIOUS

RUPERT,

Prince Palatine of the *RHINE*, &c.

As a Monument of his devoted respects, and due esteem of his Highnesses celebrated vertues, and great Experience in *SEA-VOYAGES*; and as a deserved acknowledgement of his H. indefatigable endevours in promoting *English* Plantations.

P. D. C. Humbly Dedicates this Pindarick Rapture.

Being part of his Poem of the *Fortunate ISLANDS*, formerly written in French and Addressed to

The KINGS MAJESTY.

Upon the Solemnity of His Auspicious

CORONATION.

——— *Forsan & hæc meminisse juvabit*
Jàm passe ô graviora!

THE *FORTUNATE ISLANDS.*

Tranſlated out of a Poem written in French, and formerly addreſſed to The MAJESTY of CHARLES II. Upon the Solemn Day of HIS *CORONATION.*

PINDARICK ODE.

Stanza. I. Anſwering the XXIV in the French.

I. TOuch'd with that Flame which Poets Breaſts (does warm,
The dark Events of things to come I ſpye,
Thrice Glorious KING! and dare not to deny
This truth, which ſhould become a crime conceal'd.
Poſterity, did it lye unreveal'd,
Were therein much concern'd, whoſe joy 'twill be
To know with what returns our Vowes for thee
Great Charles, came back from Heaven, but we much
Concern'd to know, thou didſt that joy reſtore, (more
To prove the Greateſt King that ever a Scepter bore.

II. Know

II. Know then, of Crowned heads the worthiest Head!
That some kind Stars on us yet once shall smile,
And on this Isle
A golden Age in spight of Fate retrive;
Whilst thou our *Pilot* at the Stern shall sit,
A *Salomon* for Prudence, Fame, and Wit,
Our Destinies to guide and happiness to mind;
This Globe again new *Continents* shall find,
Thy conqu'ring Navy a new *Ophir* yield;
And with new Titles fill thy Royal Shield.

III. Under that part of the divided Globe
Where slowe Bootes riding on *Charles* Wain,
(a) Is oft seen in his lofty Orbe
To plough the furrowes of the Main:
And where the boldest Ships that nearer came
To make land, (b) never saw but flame
Standing at gaze amid'st the Sea, there run
Spread under a new Pole by the Almighty Hand,
Long Tracts of vast and unknown Land,
A larger Continent this Earthly Globe hath none.

* This happens in the position of the Sphere where the Line is Zenith.
(b) Therefore called *Terra del fuego*.

IV. As

IV. As much as gueſs by reaſon led can find,
And of dark truths inform our mind,
Here ſtands in force yet Natures ancient Law,
Which harmleſs men by untaught rules do's aw;
Of ſuch this happy clime has ſtore,
Though a *Gigantik* race appear'd on ſhore
Where a colder aire breeds ruder wits;
b But neer the Sun heat does infuſe the ſeed
Of a more vertuous race, and kinder breed,
Among whom yet unwrong'd fair Virgin Nature ſits.

a *Viz.* about 47. gr. South Latitude, where a ſort of very tall men hath been ſeen.

b From 15. to 30. gr. S. lar. a goodly land runneth, of which the *Hollanders* are ſaid to have ſome Maps, but kept by them concealed to this day.

[*Aurora* dwels,
V. There, next th' imbalmed groves where bright
In fragrant woods old *Brachmans* kept their cells
In the worlds birth, and on this happy ſtage
Did celebrate the golden age,
Teaching of Souls th' immortal fall and ſpring,
Which *Pythagoras* thence to credulous *Greece* did bring.
There, great *Jarchas* the next *Magi* taught
The worlds *Magnalia* with hid knowledge fraught.
For whom a * curious *Greek*, his Seven wiſe forſook,
And *Athens* thence return'd with unknown wonders ſtrook.

* *Apollonius Tyanæus.*

VI.

[on Earth,

VI. There, ☿ that kind steem which from stars drops
When she breeds Metals, swells up bulky hills,
And with rich oare whole Countries fills,
O'respread with branches which betray their birth:
There in clear streams and crystal brooks, gold torn
From some adjacent Mine where it was born,
Runs unregarded with vile pebbles mixt,
As if his juyce was yet unfixt;
And Silver shutes by * secret heat provokt * *Archeus.*
In Massy Crystal Rocks, as *Alpian* ridges yoakt.

☿ *Philosophorum.*

VII. This land in *Diamonds* and *Rubies* swarms,
As common stones in our fields use to grow,
Their lovely green there Emeralds do bestow,
Their quarries like fair meadows show;
There, without Fishers art, or divers toil,
That rich shoare yields the Orient shining Pearl
Freely expos'd upon th' imbroidred soyl,
And on each twig in woods, a worm does curl
Those shining bowels with it's own life spun,
Wherewith Kings houses trim'd out-shine the Sun.

VIII.

VIII. The Saphir, Amethyſt, and Onyx there adorne
The grots of deſarts by wiſe Natures care,
And the ſtreakt Agath with it's chances born,
To whom his art no Graver can compare:
The changing Opall growing on the ſhore,
With more fair colours charmes the eye, [the skie;
Then when the wond'rous Bow, or gay morn paints
And mother of Pearl there breeds in ſuch a ſtore,
That were it not for woods that yield a lov'lier ſhade,
EachNative might thereof have unbought houſesmade.

IX. But theſe tall woods who were already grown,
When Time was infant yet, the world a babe,
Afford ſuch pleaſant ſhade,
That eaſe it ſelf ſeems there to fix it's laſtingThrone:
Thoſe Palaces to whom our Art
Does all the helps of wit and hand impart,
Where Porphyrie vain luxe to Marble joyns,
In their high pomp cannot out do
Theſe rural manſions, whoſe ſhade entertains
Freely their gueſts with meat and ſhelter to.

X.

X. There *Pines* and *Cedars* reaching to the skie,
Do raise a roof amazing standers by, [fields,
Whil'st th' humble myrtle which embalm's the
Perfum'd walls next to the foundation yields,
The fragrant Jels'min, and sweet Orange-tree
Common, as Fern and Broom are with us seen,
Frame a contexture of their lasting green;
All Flora's store either for smell or eye
Makes a Mosaik floore mixt with silky moss, [surpass.
Whose glistering down doves neck's in Sun shine does

spade,
XI. There, the kind Earth untoucht with plough or
And without drops from careful Tillers brow,
All sorts of fruits for Sight or Palate made
On happy mortalls does bestow.
There sweet *Potatoes* growing in each ground,
And milky *Coco's* in each forrest found
Afford unbought and free meals in each place,
And without hands of cooks each common table grace,
Then to supply for drink the want of forrain wines
Her pleasant sap, to its better juice, the sweet *Pal-*

[*mira* joyns.
XII.

XII. *Bacchus and Ceres* here
Do always freely Crown the year,
Though field for it be never torn,
With fruits enough their Altars to adorn;
Not that the willing earth should there her crops refuse
If Husbandmen their skill did use:
The Stars are there too gentle and too kind,
And did care vigor add to the self growing vine,
Under the leaning grapes the crushed props should pine,
And for one ventur'd corn the Sower thousands find.

XIII. But where free nature with such bounty fills
Our treasures with its own rich store,
What madness to repine & crave for more;
Or controle with our Art what her own prudence wills?
O! fond attempt of humane pride! [guide
Which would through other *paths* our wanton *actions*
Then those, which her own hand do's for us wisely trace,
And you, thrice happy mortals! whom that place
Does entertain without ambitious care,
To add to what her love appoints to be your share!

XIV. There your calm numerous years do gently ſlide.
O happy mortals! without pain or grief;
Untill your ſtars become your guide
To ſilent duſt, and death, which with joys paſt belief
You do embrace; you happy whileſt alive!
Whoſe well-tun'd minds were never put to ſtrive
Againſt your crazy bodies tott'ring frame,
But kept unſpotted your Celeſtial flame
From Tyrant paſſions ever free,
And from all ſpots of frail mortalitie.

XV. There next *Aurora's Palace* where the Morn
Keeps conſtant watch, ſoft *Zephyrus* awak't
And charm'd with love of his fair Nymph each day
Comes perfum'd with the Sun in *Flora's* groves,
And there his amber-ſighs does ſilently diſplay,
Whiſp'ring to chirping birds how fair a Nymph he loves;
Theſe Groves then whom the Sun no ſweeter ſees,
A thouſand dales with native flow'rs do paint,
Which pleaſantly confound the gazers eyes, [faint.
And in their ſmiling looks through heat nor cold nere

XVI.

XVI. There neither ſtorm nor ſharp *Chiroco*'s blaſt
Does any diſcord 'twixt the Seaſons caſt,
A conſtant Spring the gay birds entertains,
And for their neſts a conſtant green maintains,
Whence ſporting they as long as are the days,
'Twixt harmleſſe love and pleaſant layes,
With fear or pining care their happy lives nere ſtint;
The Sun by which their lungs are tun'd
Does thouſand colours on their feathers print
The Eye to entertain, whilſt that the Ears are charm'd.

XVII. There the bountiful Sea by kind heat cheriſht ſtil
With rare and unknown cates her fruitful womb do's fil
Through waves of Chriſtal bright and clear
Her well-ſtor'd bottome does appear:
There in pure Brooks that ſwiftly run,
And in their race their own ſtream ſhun,
Many rare Fiſh his ſilver ſcales diſplayes.
Edging the taſt by ſight, there as a common diſh
The bright *Dorado* cloth'd with golden rayes
Is daily ſerv'd, and there each ſenſe enjoyes his wiſh.

XVIII. That brakish taſt which other Seas infeſts,
Vexing with nauſeous ſmells her ſqueamiſh gueſts,
Is baniſht thence, her perfum'd froth that breaks
Each day on Shore, leaves there great amber cakes;
There many branch of precious coral torn
From its concealed tree, does the rich ſtrand adorn;
A ſtrand where ſoft winds ever ſmile,
And weaves do only riſe in ſport,
Where no rocks Seamen do beguile
Nor ſtorms cauſe ſhipwrack in the port.

XIX. That famous Bird which Nature made
Sole Maſter of his life expir'd,
Which only we know in the ſhade
Of dark truth in times cell retir'd;
The *Phœnix* which his dayes alone
Knows to retrive when they are gone,
And of all mortal agents can
Lengthen at will his own lifes ſpan,
Above all others do's affect that Soyle
Where for his death each wood affords a Funeral pile.

XX. That other bird whom we may call
Of other birds the trueſt gueſt oth' ſky,
Which from his pitch does never fall,
And takes his Name from where departed Saints do fly;
The Paradice bird, who without help of wings,
Suſpended by ſome truer ſprings
Does never touch our earths defiling ſpot,
Above all climes this chuſes for his lot;
Where never civil war does 'twixt the ſeaſons riſe,
Nor hoary froſts do check the mildneſs of the skies.

XXI. There, our eyes ſee in truth what all thoſe wanton
Of dreaming Poets in their heated veyne, [tales
Under falſe praiſes wrote of their *Elizian plaine*
In time of old; There a ſtreame never fayles
Of harmleſs mirth, of ſports and youthful playes
To court our ſenſe, and ſoftly ſteal our dayes
In conſtant joy, in ſpight of envious time;
And what in Fables Poets old
Of happieſt countries have us told,
We find in real truth in this moſt happy clime.

XXII.

XXII. This is that *Famous Isle* which a (a) *Great Sage*
Long since reveal'd the world, a (b) Poet sung,
The *Great Atlantis* which our age
Hath waited for, and unknown prais'd so long;
Th' *Hesperian Grove* to none but our *Alcides* free:
There Plenty, Peace, and Mirth are long since fled
Frighted by dismal jarres, untill by Thee [led
They be retriv'd, GREAT PRINCE, and as thy vassals
To share the honour of this happy day,
And at thy Sacred Feet their frutes for ever lay.

(a) *Plato.*
(b) *Seneca* the Tragedian.

XXIII. Go then, and prosper, Magnanimous King,
Gather those Bays which for Thee only spring,
Let all Advent'rers graceing Thy desseine,
To this just Conquest their best stars resigne;
And thou whose blood with *Cæsars blood* is mixt,
Whose bold attempts have Fortunes favour fixt,
Oft to thy Sword, or through her frowns made way
To reach thy self and thine the long'd for Bay,
Lend us, Brave *RUPERT*, both thy Head and Hand,
All Seas by *CHARLES* allow'd will stoop at thy command.

XXIV.

XXIV. Thou hast enough with thy bright Name
Filled the trump of Fame,
Her voice and lungs by praising thee
Almost exhausted be:
Europ enough in these our parts hath seen
Of thy brave deeds the glory shine;
Go, fill the unknown world with thy renown,
And there proclaime the British Crown,
Thy Heart exceeds what with us may be done,
Call for new witnesses under a new Sun.

XXV. Under thy Conduct and victorious armes
Matcht to the *British* colours, Right shall aw
The yielding Ocean, and restore that Law
Which ships does free from greedy Pyrats harms;
The Great Name of our CHARLES shall be
A strong safegard to shelter us and and thee,
Shouldst thou meet with opposing rage.
And Heav'n it self with thee will joyn in share,
To bless with Peace and Plenty this our Age,
In part of those returns we expect from thy care.

FINIS.

FORTUNATARUM INSULARUM DESCRIPTIO POETICA.

PRO INAUGUTATIONE

CAROLI II.

E GALLICO TRANSLATA:

ET ILLUSTRISSIMO PRINCIPI

RUPERTO

PALATINO, &c.

Rerum Maritimarum expertissimo, & Anglicarum Coloniarum promovendarum studiosissimo, in obsequii perpetui Monumentum ab ipso Authore,

P. D. C.

Dicata.

STANZA. I.

PLenus Appollineo quæ sint ventura calore
Augurer, (est vatum mens præscia nempè futuri)
Nec mea Musa silens audet quæ fata recondunt
Sub tenebris pressisse, decet quæ scire nepotes.
Illos scire velim vestris quàm Numina votis
Non duras vertêre aures, quámq; illa secundis
Nos ultro implerint successibus omine fausto:
Verùm & nos quoque scire iuvat, quam læta futuris
Temporibus per Te nascentur sæcula Mundo
Et Triplicis quantùm tibi crescet gloria Sceptri.

II.

II. *Disce ergo*, Regum Rex ô digniſſime! *noſtris*
Carminibus doctus, quantùm indulgentia cœli
Te nobis Regnante dabit, quòdque illa ſerenos
Quales & primis Saturnia ſæcla dedêre
Sponte ſuâ terris, reparabit provida ſoles,
Vel Parcâ renuente tuo, Rex Maxime, *ductu*:
Magnus Idumæis ut quùm regnabat in oris
Schelomo, *terrarum nova Nereus adyta pandet*,
Alter erit tùm Typhis & altera fluctibus Argos
Quæ Fortunatas *referat Te Vindice* Terras.

III. *Eſt Locus oppoſito quo volvitur orbis in axe*,
(a) *Fluctibus Oceani præceps ubi mergitur Arctos*,
Sedulâ ubi Naturæ luſtranti indagine limbum
Cingentem liquidæ quicquid ſuperinnatat undæ,
Præter aquas (b) *igneſque procul vidiſſe micantes*,
Nil hùc uſque datum eſt, jacet hæc incognita terra
Obverſo vicina polo; Magnique Tonantis
Magnum opus (c) *ipſa dies namque in ſe condere Phœbum*
Et reparare videt, ſtadium pernicibus æquans
Exporrecta rotis, quo non eſt majus in orbe.

(a) Hoc contingit in poſitione Sphæræ rectæ, & maxima parte Auſtralis Hemiſpherii.
(b) Idcircò Continentis illius pars illa quæ Hiſpanis Navigatoribus primùm innotuit, *Terra del fuego* dicta.
(c) Totum enim Auſtralem Polum circumambit ad lat. 13. gr. in aliquibus locis pertingens.

IV. *Si benè conjiciunt divino lumine tacta*
Vatum animæ, dictata vigent hîc prima recentis
Naturæ, legesque colit (quas suadet honestum)
Incola fœlicis Terræ, qui simplice cultu,
Semper inoffensæ carpit solamina vitæ;
(d) *Sunt tamen extremâ Titanum è semixe ripâ*
Visi aliqui, quorum plus denas corpora palmas
Exsuperant oculisque truces, & fronte minaces:
Sed vicina Polo Gens hæc; quæ proxima Phœbo
Mitior, admittit meliores pectore cultus.

(d) Ad Australem lat. 57. circiter gr. gens ferox & gigantææ staturæ a primis Navigatorib. visa. *Purchas. linschot. &c.*

V. *Hîc juxtà Eôos redolentes Cynnamon Hortos,*
Invia Brachmanes *nemorum sylvasque secuti,*
Innocui Samiæ *coluerunt dogmata* Sectæ,
Aureáque emeritis celebrârunt sæcula Mystis;
Hîc veterum fido quondam Schola vera Magorum
Excepit mandata sinu dictantis Iarbæ,
Veráque nascentis Sophiæ monumenta recluſit;
Huc septem spretis Sapientibus impiger arsit
(e) *Ille Thyanæus Patriâ migrare relictâ,*
Unde redux doctas (f) *factis stupefecit* Athenas.

(e) Scil. Apollonius, qui Indiam *Gymnosophistas* invisurus peragravit. Sed hæc Poeticè non historicè accipienda.
(f) Miraculis, de quibus fusè *Jamblichus* in Vitâ Pythagoræ scripsit.

VI.

VI. *Hîc* (g) Cœli influxus, , *quo deſcendente, ferarū*
Parturiens ſuccos, turgeſcit vena metalli
Montibus in celſis, varios per viſcera ramos
Divitis effingit Terræ, (h) *virgaſque repentes*;
(i) *Multa illîc liquido ſe proluit* aurea *rivo*
Lamina *nativi fugiens de germine trunci*,
Inficit & tremulas flaventi lumine lymphas,
Qualémque auricomus volvit Pactolus *arenam:*
Hic quoque candentes argentea fodina *venas*,
(k) *Trudit in excelſum*, *vegetóque cacumine ſurgit.*

(g) Scil. & ille decantatus Philoſophorum, anima vera Univerſi.

(h) Proprium apud metallarios authores vocabulum, quo ramuſculi venæ in varias partes ſeſe ab arbore, ſive trunco præcipuo, diffindentis ſignificantur.

(i) Aurum granulatum, quale à primis *Hiſpaniolæ* detectoribus ſub Columbo, in meridionali parte Inſulæ circà *Cibao*, affatim in rivulis reperiebatur. ab Hiſpanis Scriptorib. operariiſque *Oro di pepone* dictum, illudque optimum.

(k) Talis fuiſſe refertur a Scriptoribus Indicis nobilis illa *Peruviana argentifodina in Potoſi*, quùm primùm detecta in altum ſublimatos puri metalli ramos protrudens; argumentum certè validum adverſùs vegetationem & vitam metallorum negantes, & principiis Peripateticis mordicùs nimiùm inhærentes.

VII. *Igneus hîc* Adamas *felicis cortice glebæ*
Delitet, hîc rutilos carbunculus *exerit ignes,*
Hîc viridis mutat campos in prata Smaragdus
Vilis ut in nostris miscet se calculus agris:
Hîc fallaci hamo, hîc urinatore remoto,
Gemmea Choncharum proles ad littoris oras
Sponte venit nostros nondùm docta unio *luxus;*
Et quas arte parant splendenti è vellere Seres
Regum delicias, animâ & spirante ministrat
Bombyx fila, suis pendent passim obvia Sylvis.

VIII. Sapphyrus *hîc & parvus* Onyx, Amethystus *&*
Inter saxa micant, pulsis & gemma tenebris [*ardens*
Incultis Phœbi radios imitatur in antris;
Hîc in marmoreo ludens Natura Gagate,
Artificis superat cœlum, varii q; coloris
Opalus *agnatos cœli ignibus excitat ignes,*
Et rutilis steriles flammis accendit arenas:
Gemmea choncha *natat pretiosi in littoris Orâ*
Multa, adeóque frequens, grato ut nî vertice Sylvæ
Obtegerent, quisque hinc sibi conderet incola casas.

IX.

IX. *Verùm hæ quas infans vidit Natura ſub Orbe*
Naſcenti, rerum & primævâ ab origine ſylvæ
Creſcentes, nullâque unquam violata ſecuri
Robora, tranquillas præbent cultoribus umbras,
Sub viridi ſemper ſuadentíque otia ramo:
Nec tantùm hoſpitibus placeant quæ tecta ſuperbo
Ad cœlum tollunt vicina cacumina faſtu,
Magnatum inſana moles, & mentis & artis
Difficiles partus, ubi fulcit jaſpida marmor,
Quantùm hæc, Ambroſiis ſemper recluſa ſub auris.

X. Cedrus *odorato cœlum propè vertice tangens*
Summa tenet, myrtúſque *humili pavimenta coronâ*
Cingit, & exhalat precioſi floris odores.
Jelſeminum *auratis & grata* aurantia *pomis,*
Hîc ſuavi Zephyros paſſim ſpiramine mulcent;
Nec filice aut flavis plus gaudent noſtra geniſtis
Arva; hîc mille ſolo radiant circumundique flores.
Muſæúmque exurgit opus quo terra ſuperbit,
Verſicolore levis contecta & gramine muſci,
Molliùs occurrit pedibus quàm vellera Serum.

XI.

XI. *Fertilis hîc genium terræ non vomer aratri*
Sollicitat, nàm ſponte ſuas dat legibus almæ
Provida Naturæ præſcripto tempore meſſes;
Hîc paſſim dulci ſaturatus tubere campus
Patatæ, Cocoque *nucis dulcedine ſylvæ*
Exornant latis innoxia fercula menſis:
Hîc Palmitæ *arbos nativo turgida ſucco*
Cortiseóque penu latices effundit amœnos,
Nectareóſque refert pomis onerata racemos
E longè advecti compenſans munera Bachi.

XII. Liber & alma Ceres *hîc dextrâ ſemper amicâ*
Muneribus terram facundis ſponte coronant,
Ancipitíſque ſpei amoto ſudore colonî,
Exornant propriis votivis frugibus aras;
Attamen hæ cultore carent, quòd ſi addita cultrix
Ars Genio foret ulla loci terræq; Vigori,
Hîc adeò blandos demittunt ſydera fluxus,
Obrutus ut proprii palmes ſub mole racemi
Vix jàm maturæ toleraret pondera prolis,
Millenóque Ceres ditaret fœnore ſulcos.

XIII. *Sed quùm tàm largâ depromat munera dextrâ*
Sponte suâ Natura parens, & divite cornu
Nos beet, insano quid nos potiora furore
Quærimus, & fuco leges violamus ævitas
Artifici; prudens quas olim simplice cultu
Servandas, tenero Matris præscripsit amore?
O hominum vanæ mentes! obductáque cæcis
O nimiùm semper mortalia corda tenebris!
Túque ô felicis felicior incola terræ;
Cui satis est natale solum, ambitione remotâ!

XIV. *Illîc annorum series longæva tuorum*
Labitur, & tacito sua per vestigia cursu
Fatorum ad metam felicia stamina ducit
Morborum involata lue, vel debilis ævi
Ingratis vitiis, illîc reparata vigoris
Corpora flore novo, nunquàm languore fatiscunt:
Inque suo tranquilla manet mens læta recessu,
Officiíque memor, cælesti ab origine lapsæ
Virgineo in cultu conservat semina flammæ,
Pandoraq; dolos & tristia munera temnit.

XV.

XV. *Hîc juxtà Eôos spirantes cinnama tractus,*
Antevenit primos perfusus odoribus ignes
Auroræ Zephyrus, blandæ & suspiria fundens,
Aëra per liquidum Floræ spatiatur in hortis;
Floræ hortus quorum per amœnas lillia valles
Miscentur violis, & suadent ducere somnos
Floribus immixti fontes, auræq; susurrus;
Tótque adeò induxit campis Natura colores,
Distracta ut dubitent sese quò lumina vertant,
Dùm sulcos nec ladit hyems, nec Syrius urit.

XVI. *Nunquàm hîc temperies annive evertitur ordo*
Grandine, vel nimbis, Boreâve immane furenti;
Ast inter virides, omnîque in tempore, ramos
Garrula ponit avis nidum, prolísque futuræ
Pignora cara suæ securâ servat in umbrâ:
Indè suos cantus longis cum solibus æquat,
Cantibus & teneros querulis immiscet amores,
Sic fugiente ævo, nullâque exterrita fraude:
Quique animam inspirat sol, idem mille colores
Effingens pennis, antè aurem lumina pascit.

XVII.

XVII. *Hîc ſemper* fæcunda Thetys *numeroſa natantum*
Agmina deducit, findentum cærula pinnâ
Marmora pernici, liquidis dùm fingit in undis
Squama nitens varios reflexâ luce colores,
Grata quibus fulvi concedat lamna metalli;
Illîc in liquidi latiſcis ſinuante recurſu,
Multus inaurato piſcis ſub cortice tutus
Delitet, & facilem primò per lumina guſtum
Sollicitat. ſenſúſque adeò plus ſimplice gaudet
Objecto, atque homines Divûm ceu nectare paſcit.

XVIII. *Illîc quæ duros alio ſub ſydere nautas*
Offendens nares anſtero vellit odore,
Doris amara ſuam non miſcet fluctibus undam;
Ambara *ſed ripas agitato vortice pulſans*
Spumæ inſtar grato ſuffitu littora ditat;
Plurima nativo rubet hîc avulſa cubili
Arbor coralii *Tyrio rutilantior oſtro,*
Et ramo liquidos exornat divite ſulcos;
Queis contenta Thetys ſpoliis, ſibi plura recuſat
Quærere naufragio, Boreæ aut diteſcere damnis.

XIX. *Hîc* Ales *proprios cui jus conceſſit in annos*
Indulgens Natura, ſui quique arbiter ævi
Illudit fatis, nec decantata Sororum
Curat penſatrium, quem non niſi carmine nobis
Aut tabulis noviſſe datum: Vitæ ille magiſter,
Qui quùm vult rapidos vel ſiſtit temporis orbes,
Vel revocat, proprióque recens è funere ſurgit,
Phœbi ales Phœnix, *hîc tutam figere ſedem*
Quæſiit antè alias quùm ſit placidiſſima terræ,
Omnis ubi dat ſylva rogum dùm fata reſarcit.

XX. *Hîc quóque non ficto cœli quæ nomine dici*
Incola, quæque ſuis ſedes aptare beatus
Gaudet Apis *titulis*, Paradiſi nobilis ales,
Corpore librato quæ ſemper pendula nubes
Pervolat, & noſtræ fugiens contagia terræ,
Aeris ad libitum liquidi per inania fertur,
Radicéſque ipſo rurſùs in æthere figit,
Has aliis prudens terrarum prætulit oras,
Cœli ubi concordes Naturæ fœdera ſervant,
Nec brumæ Zephyros violant, nec nubila ſoles.

XXI.

XXI. *Hîc velo amoto, ſibi quæ ceu ſomnia finxit*
Vulgi error, vanóque vetus quæ carmine Vates,
Elyſio adſcripſit mendax & Fabula campo,
Cernere vel tetigiſſe licet, nec ficta voluptas
Deliciis animum vanâ ſub imagine ludit,
Sempérque hîc objecta movent gratiſſima ſenſus,
Credere vix alio poſſis quæ vera loquenti;
Quicquid & Heſperidum celebratis credula pomis
Alcinoíque *hortis tribuit, ruríque Beato*
Græcia, felici hîc potior dat gleba colono.

XXII. *Denique, decantatæ hæc eſt illa Inſula Magno*
Quæ quondam detecta a Sopho, & celebrata b Poëta,
Atlantis *non Elyſiis ceſſura beatis,*
Quæque niſi Alcidæ noſtro *ſit pervia nulli.*
Hùc procul à noſtris fugit Pax Alma *querelis*
Et pacata quies noſtro vexata tumultu
Otia tranquilli quærens ſecura receſſus,
Undè Tibi comites cupient, Rex Magne, *reverti*
Et ſociam præbendo manum Tua Sceptra tueri
Semper, & æternas Te juxtà ponere ſedes.

(a) Platoni de Atlantide in *Timæo* tractanti.
(b) Senec. Tragœdo in Medeâ.

XXIII. *Ergò age*, Magnanime *ô!* Princeps, *Tua fortibus*
Fata animis, tantas propera decerpere palmas, [*urge*
Sacraque legitimâ circumdare tempora lauro,
Annuat ut justis mirans Europa *triumphis:*
Miles eat, nutúmque tuum auspiciúmque sequatur;
Túque ô! Cæsareos *Augusti stemmatis* Avos
Qui sequeris meritis, & cujus splendida virtus
Fortunam superavit ovans, Martísque pericla
Sprevit inoffenso sua per vestigia cursu,
Consilio dextrâque juva hæc incepta Roberte!

XXIV. *Jàm sat Fama tuos*, Princeps generose, *labores*
Multiloquâ sparsit Mundi per compita linguâ,
Ac tua narrando propè jàm pulmone fatiscit,
Jàm tantum detrectat onus, nec facta referre,
Nec dictis æquare potens, pernicior alis
Fortior aut si voce foret; *sat nota, per Aulas*
Europæ tua facta volant, sempérque potenti
Decantata tubâ Famæ sine fine vigebunt:
Jàm testes tibi quære novos, aliàque sub Arcto
Et sub Sole novo, tua splendeat inclyta virtus.

XXV.

XXV. *Dùm tua* Vexillis *fuerint ſociata* Britannis
Arma, quibus ſeſe ſemper Fortuna faventem
Præbet, & æternas nectit Victoria palmas,
Oceano rediet tandem reverentia legum
Priſca renaſcentum; Carolino Nomine *tutus*
Ceu clypeo incedes, tempeſtatúmque periclis
Eripiêre, furens ſi quando minabitur Auſter:
Aſtra tuis etiam ridebunt proſpera ceptis,
Et tecum Pax alma redux & Copia *ſedes*
Hîc figent ſibi perpetuas, illo orbe relicto.

FINIS.

OCCURSUS REGIS In TAMESI.

Julio obeunte A. 1661.

Carmine extemporaneo conscriptus hortatu Magnatis Anglici meritissimi,

Et Illustrissimo

GUILLELMO C. DEVONIÆ,

Poëseos omnisque politioris literaturæ dignissimo Mecænati optimóque judici,

In observantiæ & gratitudinis testimonium

DICATUS.

A

Nunquàm dignè satis amica in se collata officia & beneficia persoluturo.

P. D. C.

VEspere sub tacito, liquidis in Tamesis *undis,*
Phœbus ad occiduas dùm properaret aquas;
Commodiora viæ fessus compendia longæ
*Quærebam, & * cymbâ paupere vectus eram:*

* *Anglis proprio vocabulo a* Skullor *dictâ.*

Quum

Quùm subitò Flavium motos componere fluctus,
Et virides roseâ tingere luce comas
Adverti, Nymphásque loci circumundíque fusus
Intrepido vultu carpere summa lacus:
Riserunt croceo splendentes lumine ripæ,
Flavit & insolitò blandiùs aura sepens;
Mille supervolitant crispatum flumen Amores,
Aulâque Nereïdum gemmea tota fuit.
Attonitus reputo quâ vi, quo Numine, tales
Extemplò subeant aër & unda vices;
Quùm vox crebrescens ripæ ad convexa, sonorum
Officiosa Echôn sollicitando ferit.
CAROLE viue diù, noſtræ, REX, gloria ripæ,
Vive diù Britici gloria magna ſoli!
Per Te, mœsta olim, taciturna silentia rumpens
Fàm redivivu loquor CAROLE vive diù.
Undarum ingeminant Nymphæ, plausúsq; secundos
Ipsa dedit Doris Nereïdúmque cohors;
CAROLE vive diù, noſtri ſpes ſola Tridentis!
Et Roseæ æternus ſit tibi *frondis* honos!
Nympha Tagi noſtris aderit mox læta choræis,
Et Tua gaudebit nectere ſerta ſibi.
Protinùs obvertor: dùm CAROLUS, ecce, secundo
Findebat placidas flumine vectus aquas,
Fraterno *ſolùm* comitatu *cinctus, apertâ*
Nabat & in cymba dans ſua jura Salo.
Ponè sequebantur deauratâ puppe Ministri,
Rex *autem ligno simplice vectus erat.*

Tunc,

Tunc, pro more suo, subridens fronte serenâ,
In nos, ut transit, lumina sacra jacit.
Cymba velox æstum antevenit Magno Hospite læta,
Remorúmque citô verbere pulsa fugit.
Non pernix Aquila citieri penna volatu,
Dùm prædam sequitur, nubila celsa secat:
Non per cæruleos cursu tàm præpete sulcos
Pinnarum remos Navita Prystis agit;
Non rapidos Delphin vincens conatibus Austros,
Non subitam accelarans visa colubra fugam;
Signat longa viam gliscentis linea cymbæ,
CAROLUS & radians fulminis instar abit:
Vixque avido Illîus potuit Vestigia nisu,
Nereïdúmque cohors Doris & ipsa sequi.
En Deus ille, inquàm, præsens en Numinis aura,
Cujus amant nutus aer & unda sacros.
Verùm acies adeò celeri par luminis esse
Nostra fugæ nequiit, cessit & ipsa dolens.
Vocibus auditis ergò mea carmina miscens
Voce sequor repetens, CAROLE vive diù:
Vivant jura Rosæ, rutilos dùm Cynthius ignes
Condet, & in salsis exorietur aquis.
Te modò sic videam (si plus mihi fata negârint)
Sæpiùs ô! cymbâ paupere vectus eam.

FINIS.

Quicunque noſtra Latinè dignabitur legere,

HIS paucis etiàm quæ præfamur, pro ſolitâ Muſarum comitate, Muſas colentium humanitate, ne tantiſper immorari dedignetur. Admonitum quippè illum cupimus, nos diù à Pœtices (Latinæ præcipuè, inter varios obſervationum apices poſitæ) ſtudiis, per ſortis iniquitatem avocatos (contrà votum carmina ſcribentium, quæ *ſeceſſum & otia quærunt*) ſolo animi ardore, ſolâ æmulatione inter Vota publica *OPTIMO PRINCIPI*, cum cæteris fidorum ſubditorum, bono die bona verba dicendi, ad deſueta Parnaſſi munia revocatos, hoc quantulumcumque operis, oratione verſâ, ut ſolennitatibus accommodatiori, è vernaculo noſtro Gallico exaraſſe: Idcircò Lectoris amici & faventis indulgentiam ambire, non doctorum ſeveritatem criticam (ſub quâ proculdubiò nobis laborandum foret) invitare. Illam obteſtamur, amplectimur; hanc deprecamur. Non inficias euntes, præter ſphalmata multa quæ huic opuſculo ex incuriâ Typographi irrepſerunt, aliqua etiàm noſtra Proſodiæ leges violantia inventura iri. Sed quæ ſperamus inventioni Poematis & Carminis venuſtati nihil ſui precii detractura: quædam ſi citiùs innotuiſſent, nec adeò tumultuariè, ac totum penè ipſum opus prodire cogitur, effuſa fuiſſent, in meliùs (fateor) commutari poterant; quædam verò ad propoſitum adeò appoſitè cadere viſa ſunt, ut verborum Emphaſim & concinnitatem in Proſodiæ gratiam inflectere, carminiſque meliùs ſic fluentis harmoniam peſſundare, quidquam immutando, nos pœnituiſſet. Condonet ergò,

Lector

Pag. 51. *St.* I. Touch'd. *l.* Touch t. *v.* 6. were therein much concern'd, should therein be concern'd. *p.* 57. *St.* XIII. or controle with our art. *l.* or to controle with art.

Latin.

Pag. 65. *St.* II. *v.* 8. *Terrarum nova Nereus adyta. l. lota Nereus abdita pandet. St.* III. *v.* 3. *Naturæ, in quibusdã Exempl. l. Naut æ. p.* 67. *St.* VI. *v.* 4. *virgaſque repentes. l. repentes. v.* 9. *argentea fodina venas. l. argentea vena fodinas. p* 98. *l.* 68. *St.* VII. *v.* 6. *choncharum. l. concharum. p.* 69. *St.* X. *v.* 2. *Myrtuſque humili pavimenta. l. Myrihuſque ſolum ſubſtrata coronans. p.* 17. *l.* 71. *St.* XIV. *v.* 4. *Morborum involata lue. l. inviolata. p.* 72. *St.* XV. *v.* 5. *amænas. l. a. mœnas. v.* 10. *Syrius. l. Sirius. p.* 73. *St.* XVII. *v. fœcunda. l. fœcunda. p.* 74. *St.* XIX. *v.* 5. *uaviſſe. l. noviſſe. St.* XX. *v.* 7. *l. Radiceſq; ipſa rurſus. l. quæ rurſus in æthere figit. p.* 75. *St.* XXI. *v.* 6. *gratiſſima ſenſus. l. gratiſſima. p.* 80. *v.* 8. *Pryſtis. l. priſtis.*